

The
Clemsonian
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R. A. and J. S. Gandy,
B. A. B.
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PUBLISHED
BY THE
CLASS of '01
CLEMSON COLLEGE, S.C.

Greeting.



AS one whose soul grown sad with years of toil
Sits musing in the lonely hours of night
Upon the yesterdays that shaped his life
And formed this wondrous structure called "today;"
And then, as if to sweeten thoughts with truth,
He slowly creeps toward a battered desk
And draws therefrom with trembling, reverent hands
A batch of faded, crumpled, perfumed sheets
That tell of love when youth coursed thro' his veins
And bring sweet memories' tears to failing eyes ;—

* * * *

So—when our youthful eyes have aged with care
And we, o'ertaken by Time's warning trump,
Feel all the fear and dread of retrospect
Let this Year-Book a loving refuge be
For us to wander through with glistening eye
And read the records of our happiest days
And feel again the thrill of college joys
And hear anew the stirring bugle call
And see the faces speaking from the page
As if they were reincarnate.

Ah ! Then

This Annual will priceless treasure be
Prized over all, yea greater than success,
A paradise which none would try escape.

And who can tell but that some hope will come
Some inspiration to defy old age
Some fresh resolve injected by these words
And blessed by sacred reverence for the past.

So may it be ! Then Record tell thy tale
Of how Clemsonian effort led the way
And how Clemsonian honor won the day.

—W. L. MOISE.

Eat 'Em Up,



Clemson!

College Yell. *o o*

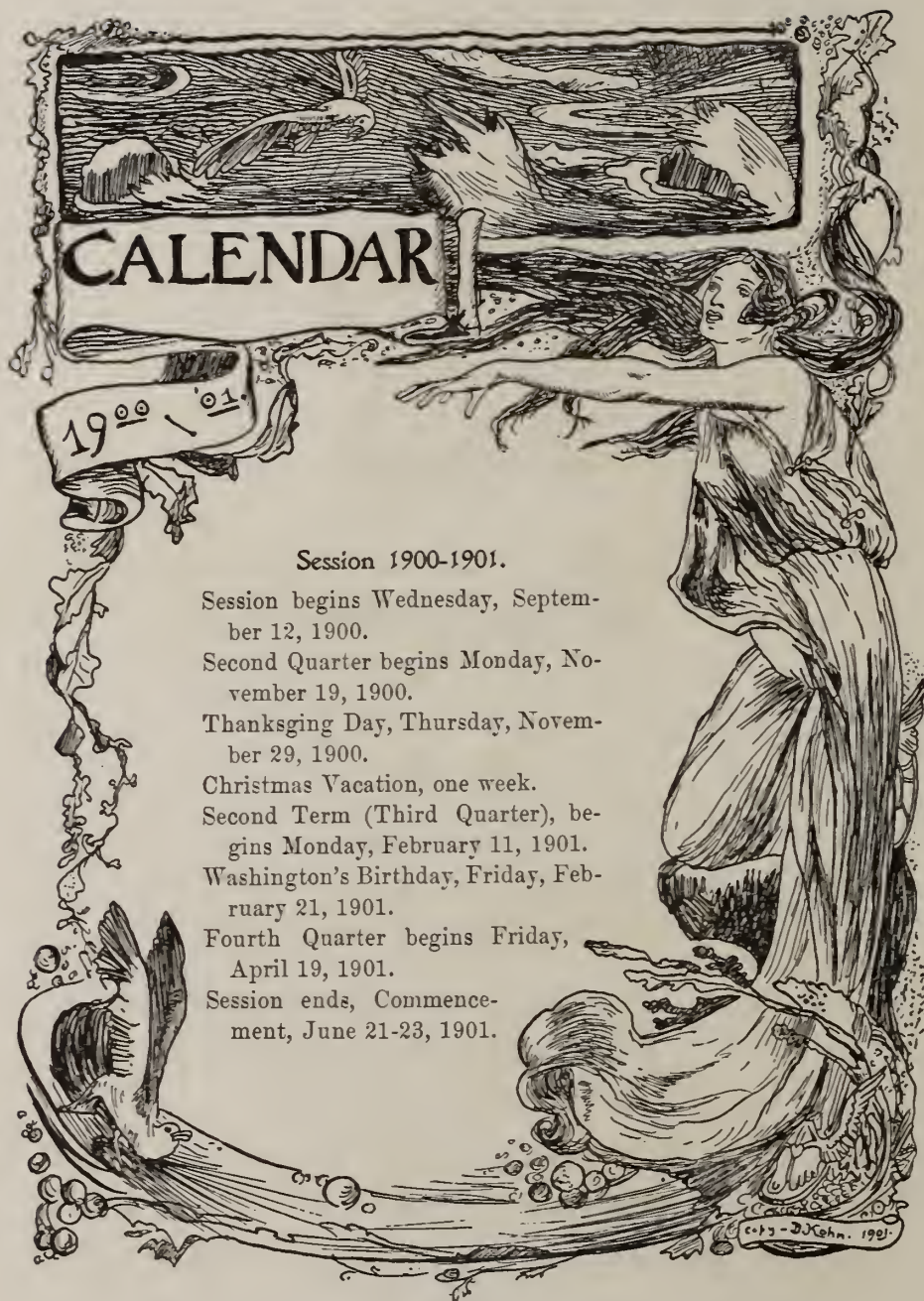
Clemson! Clemson! Rah! Rah!

Clemson! Clemson! Rah! Rah!

Hoo Rah! Hoo Rah!

Varsity! Varsity!

Rah! Rah! Rah!



CALENDAR

1900 / 01

Session 1900-1901.

Session begins Wednesday, September 12, 1900.

Second Quarter begins Monday, November 19, 1900.

Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 29, 1900.

Christmas Vacation, one week.

Second Term (Third Quarter), begins Monday, February 11, 1901.

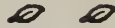
Washington's Birthday, Friday, February 21, 1901.

Fourth Quarter begins Friday, April 19, 1901.

Session ends, Commencement, June 21-23, 1901.

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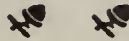
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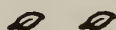
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Kor



JOHN C. CALHOUN.



CALHOUN MANSION.

Historical Sketch *of* JOHN C. CALHOUN.

By Wm. S. M.

JOHNSON CALDWELL CALHOUN was born, of Scotch-Irish parents, near Little River, then Ninety Six District, now Abbeville county, South Carolina, on the 18th day of March, 1782; and died March 31, 1850, a senator of the United States, in the city of Washington.

He was for a while a pupil of the famous school-master Waddell, under whom he opened for the first time a Latin Grammar. Long afterwards Mr. Calhoun spoke of his teacher in these words: "In that character [as a teacher] he stands almost unrivaled. He may be justly considered as the father of classical education in the upper country of South Carolina and Georgia. His excellence in that character depended not so much on extensive or profound learning as a felicitous combination of qualities for the government of boys and communicating to them what he knew. He was particularly successful in exciting emulation among them, and in obtaining the good will of all except the worthless."

In 1802 the young Carolinian entered the Junior class of Yale College, where, on the 12th day of September, 1804, he graduated a bachelor of arts. In 1805 and 1806 he studied law at Litchfield, Connecticut, and was admitted to the bar at Columbia, South Carolina, in 1807—the year in which his illustrious son-in-law, Thomas G. Clemson was born in Philadelphia. In October that year Mr. Calhoun was elected to the State Legislature. Three years later he was chosen a member of Congress; and January 8th, 1811, he married his second cousin, Floride Calhoun, only daughter of Honorable John Ewing Calhoun.

Mr. Calhoun was Secretary of War under President Monroe, and Vice-President of the United States under John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson. In 1832—nullification times—he resigned the Vice-Presidency, and a few months afterwards was elected to fill out the unexpired term of General Hayne in the United States Senate. In 1843 and '44 he was a candidate for

the presidency, but withdrew in January of the latter year. President Tyler, in March of that year, appointed Mr. Calhoun Secretary of State, which office he filled a year with marked ability. In the fall of 1845 he was again elected to the Senate of the United States, this time to fill out the unexpired term of Judge Huger.

Mr. Calhoun's family are buried in the Episcopal church yard, Pendleton, South Carolina. The great statesman himself was interred in the old graveyard of St. Philip's Church, Charleston. During the war between the states some of his friends in the community fearing the desecration of his grave should the city fall into the hands of the enemy removed and secreted the remains, which were afterwards put back, and still lie, in their former resting place.

"The public career of Calhoun has been known only from the speeches and other papers in his published *Works*, from the *American State Papers*, and from the records of Congress. Calhoun, the man, apart from his public career has remained virtually unknown. Calhoun is to many readers a mere abstraction—a purely political *eidolon*."

The American Historical Association has recently (1900) published his *correspondence* edited by Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, of Brown University. A few sentences from the preface may be of interest:

"Not a single word has been omitted for the supposed benefit of Calhoun's reputation. Indeed, it might be said of him as of very few public men, that he had nothing to fear from the post-humus publication of his papers."

"Calhoun was neither gossippy nor spiteful, nor was he a man of active personal animosities, for his politics revolved around principles rather than personalities."

The Clemson College collection embraces two thousand three hundred letters to Calhoun, nearly all written in the decade 1840-50, from about nine hundred writers, representing all classes of Southern society, and from many Northerners. It is interesting to see how uniform an opinion of Calhoun on the part of his supporters these letters reveal. No one expects anything of him but the most highminded political conduct; and in this respect, alas, the letters that are not printed, though many of them are from office seekers and second-rate politicians, tell the same story as those that are printed."

Dr. Jameson tells us he "Has included enough of the private family letters, without, he hopes, violating the sanctities of domestic life, to exhibit Calhoun as a human being and a member of a family, to show his constant devotion to his wife and her mother, his strong affection for his children, his anxious care for their well-being and improvement, his abiding interest in all kinsmen."

The writer of this sketch once saw—and copied—a few faded sheets of

mourning letter paper in which Mrs. Clemson had written some reflections on the death of her father. Read a few expressions therefrom: "Shall I never again be welcomed by that sweet smile and that extended hand. Shall I never again hear that voice utter words of affection or approval which filled my heart with gladness. You were the embodiment to my mind of the perfection of human virtue. Who like you combined the most unbending firmness where principle was concerned with the yielding softness of a woman where only your feelings were in question. The austerity of a cynic combined in you with the softest and gentlest affection. No one appreciated more music, poetry, or the beauties of nature. You never ridiculed a friend or abused an enemy. Best of masters you are lamented by the honest unbought tears of your dependents. Oh! best of husbands, fathers, friends, where were the faults which proved your human origin? Who can recall a single word or action of yours they would wish changed?"

The young men who issue this *ANNUAL*—and all who read it—would be benefitted by studying Daniel Webster's oration on John Caldwell Calhoun from which five sentences are taken as a fitting close to this article: "No man was more respectful to others; no man carried himself with greater decorum; no man with superior dignity. He had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high character; and that was unspotted integrity, unimpeached honor and character. There was nothing grovelling, or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And when the time shall come when we ourselves shall go, one after another, in succession to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism."





Historical Sketch of CLEMSON COLLEGE.

By H. S. H.

THE history of Clemson College is, in part, the history of an educational movement to teach the scientific branches, with special reference to their application in the industries of life. This idea received definite form, and official patronage in the Act of Congress approved July 2, 1862, giving to each State public lands to the amount of 30,000 acres, for each of the Senators and Representatives in Congress, according to the census of 1890, for

“The endowment, support and maintenance of at least one college where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes, in the several pursuits and professions of life.”

On August 30, 1890, a second bill supplementing the first appropriation was approved. From these funds Clemson College receives annually from the Federal Government the sum of \$17,754.

Land-grant institutions receiving the benefits of the Acts of Congress of 1862 and 1890 are now in operation in all the States and Territories, except Alaska. The aggregate value of the permanent funds and equipment is \$58,944,157.61. These colleges have an annual income of \$5,994,037.61 and 35,956 students were in attendance in the year 1899.

In other states as in South Carolina the Federal funds are supplemented liberally by State appropriations.

In 1886 a convention of the farmers of South Carolina passed a resolution advocating the establishment of an Agricultural College. The matter was given definite form by the action of the Hon. Thomas G. Clemson, son-in-law of John C. Calhoun, who died in 1888, leaving as a bequest to the State the old Calhoun homestead, Fort Hill, consisting of about 800 acres of land, and

about \$80,000 in other securities, for the purpose of establishing an Agricultural College.

The Legislature passed an act which became a law in November 1889, accepting the bequest. The college opened July 6, 1893, with an enrollment during its first session of 446 students.

The College is organized into six departments, as follows :

1. Agricultural Department.
2. Mechanical Department.
3. Department of Chemistry and Natural Science.
4. Academic Department.
5. Textile Department.
6. Military Department.

Each department is presided over by a professor designated by the Board of Trustees as Head of Department, who, in addition to teaching, exercises general supervision over the work of the department. The divisions of each department are in the immediate charge of special instructors.

There are three full courses of study—Agricultural, Mechanical and Textile. All regular students in the Freshman class pursue the same studies. The Mechanical and Textile courses are also the same in the Sophomore year. Students pursuing the Mechanical course choose between electrical engineering and civil engineering in the Junior and Senior years.

Upon the completion of one of these courses the student is awarded a diploma conferring the degree of Bachelor of Science (B. S.)

The object of the College, in conformity with the Acts of Congress and of the State Legislature, is to give practical instruction in agriculture and in the mechanic arts. To accomplish this object in its highest sense, careful instruction is given in the principles and applications of the sciences bearing upon agriculture and mechanics; and to give the breadth, and culture necessary for a rounded education, liberal courses are provided in history, economics, and English.

It is considered of the utmost importance that students be taught, not only theoretical methods, but practical work in these methods. To this end, as much time is devoted to laboratory and shop work, field instruction, and other practical exercises, as to lectures and recitations.

The present value of the College plant, including grounds, buildings and equipment is four hundred thousand dollars.



The Classes.





History of Class of '01.



As all higher forms of life have been evolved from some lower forms, just so has the dignified Senior of '01 been evolved from the verdant Freshman of '97. Time which sees the rise and fall of mighty empires, has written upon its face the history of a band of Freshmen who placed their feet upon the first step of knowledge in '97, with a determination to mount the last step when four long years should have elapsed.

Little did we dream, when we were Freshmen, of the struggles before us; but having taken the first step we dared not turn back. Examinations and causes Providential have thinned our ranks; yet, with a few re-inforcements in '98, we have arrived at the close of our college career, thirty-one strong.

Among these are a few geniuses, perhaps many, but time will reveal all things. Why should we be surprised to know that one of our number may become a great poet like Shakespeare or another a great general like Napoleon? Such things are possible, if not probable. Many of us when we entered college had no higher aim than to pass the required examinations and receive a diploma for our trouble. More considerate ones among us, had mapped out before they entered the ranks, a definite course; which course they have pursued with diligence. Still others were like a ship without a rudder, little did they care whether or not they reached the golden harbor, their graduation is due to luck or to chance.

The year '97 saw us a happy band of Freshmen; but when Soph was reached there was a sad but necessary division in our ranks. This separation is made in order that each student may pursue to the best advantage any one of courses which is afforded by the college. Some decided that it was more pleasant to be a Vulcan than to be a Cincinnatus, hence we have some taking the Mechanical course and others taking the Agricultural course.

Junior seemed, indeed, a long way off, yet we awaited its arrival with a fortitude surpassed only by that of the Spartans. It saw a division of the

Mechanical course. Those who loved to see the lightning flash from the sky, the dynamo and motor do their work, this wonderful power harnessed and under the control of man, naturally fell into line with the electrical engineers; while others of the Mechanical course listened to the sound of the spindle and the loom which so intoxicated them that they became textile engineers. "The mighty host," which title has been given to the civil engineers, consists of only two members. They expect to put a bridge across the Atlantic if such a thing can be done. With his heart filled with love for Nature's work, the Agricultural student contents himself with his microscope; the flower of the field, the rocks of the earth, the earth, the insects that fly about us, furnish him with materials with which to work.

How proud we felt when our Junior year was ended, and we were marshalled into that upper sphere where dignity reigns supreme. What can compare with the dignity of a Senior? Our troubles had not yet ended, but our sad hearts were much relieved to know that only one more series of examinations stood in our way before we should stand on the top step; there to be crowned with the laurel wreath for which we had so long been striving.

Having reached the goal at last, we look back, with a feeling of joy mingled with sadness, over our past to the time when we as Freshmen began to slowly climb the steep ascent. Now, we go forth as men prepared to fight the battles of life; nor should we be discouraged and linger by the wayside, but push forward to the front, there to wield our blades in the thickest of the fight. Wherever we may be, or whatever may be our station in life, there should always be a sacred spot in our hearts to cherish the memories of the pleasant days spent at Dear Old Clemson.



PERSONAL HISTORY

of Each Member of

CLASS OF '01.



PERCY H. ALL. "Red."

Motto: The man that hath no music in himself and is not moved with concord of sweet sounds is fit for treasons, strategems and spoils.

Born June 2, 1880 at Allendale, S. C.; entered college Feb. '97; Electrical Course; Calhoun Society. He was our adjutant and published the glad tidings at retreat.

JOSEPH W. ANDERSON. "Rip."

Motto: And I pray you let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Born August 16, 1876 at Richburg, S. C.; entered college '95; Textile Course; Calhoun Society. Was a student of a quiet disposition and many accomplishments.

JAMES W. BLEASE.

Motto: Be true to your word and your work and your friend.

Born March 11, 1879 at Big Creek, S. C., entered college Feb. 96; Electrical Course; Reporting Critic, Vice President and President Columbian Society; Assistant Business Manager *Clemsonian*; foot ball half back and substitute tackle, '98, guard '00. Jim was the best of students, and had a noble disposition.

WILLIAM A. BURGESS.

Motto: The man who is fond of books is usually a man of lofty thought and of elevated opinions.

Born October 23, 1877 at Mayesville, S. C.; entered college October '98

Civil Engineering Course; Vice President Columbian Society; Assistant Exchange Editor *Chronicle* '01. Was a "D. D. C.," but one of the best sort.

ASHELEY A. BUTLER.

Motto: Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.

Born April 12, 1879 at Charleston, S. C.; entered college '95; Agricultural Course; Reporting Critic, Columbian Society; Sergeant '00. A more persevering student could not be found than was Ashley.

HARRY L. CANNON. "Gun."

Motto: O sleep, why dost thou leave me? Why thy visionary joys remove?

Born September 18, 1880 at Hartsville, S. C.; entered college September, '98; Textile course; member Palmetto Society. We predict a brilliant future for this our modern gun.

J. EARNEST CHEATHAM.

Motto: Men possessed with an idea can not be reasoned with.

Born August 19, 1877, in Abbeville County, S. C.; entered college February '97; Agricultural Course; Palmetto Society; Lieutenant "Company F." He was a man of great military ability.

WILLIAM R. DARLINGTON. "Col. D." "Bill."

Motto: Let me have audience for a word or two.

Born July 7, 1881 at Allendale, S. C.; entered college February '97; Textile Course; Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, and Vice President Calhoun Society; member "F. C." All we can say of him is "That the half has not yet been told."

JOSEPH C. DUCKWORTH. "Joe Duck."

Motto: Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world, alters the world.

Born November 29, 1876 at Williamston, S. C.; entered college August '96; Textile Course; Literary Critic, Censor, and Vice President Palmetto Society; Captain "Company A"; Foot Ball Team, sub '97, left guard '98, left guard '99, left tackle '00. He reminds one of Socrates.

WARREN N. FAIR. "Red."

Motto: True as the needle to the pole, or the dial to the sun.

Born July 31, 1879 in Edgefield County, S. C.; entered college '97; Textile Course; Calhoun Society; High Private; Active member "F. C." "Red"

enjoys the friendship of others ; his jolly nature makes him liked by all who know him.

R. GRAHAM FORSYTHE. "Little 'un."

Motto: A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrow.

Born August 29, 1880 at Brevard, N. C.; entered college February '96 ; Electrical Course; Literary Critic Calhoun Society; Captain Artillery; Art Editor Clemsonian; Manager Glee Club '00 and '01; President Tennis Association; Member "F. C." With his brush he shows a master's hand.

T. KNOX GLENN. "Knox."

Motto: Innocence in genius, and candor in power, are both noble qualities.

Born January 27, 1881 at Equality, S. C.; entered college September '97 ; Electrical Course; Secretary Calhoun Society. "Knox" was a "D. D. C," but as modest as you please.

W. G. HILL.

Motto: Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

Born October 19, 1880, at Riley's, S. C.; entered college February '97; Electrical course; President Senior Class; Local Editor Chronicle '98-'99; President Palmetto Society '00; Second Honor Medal, State Oratorical Contest '00; Manager Base Ball Team '00; Assistant Manager Foot Ball Team '00; Editor-in-Chief Chronicle '00-'01; Manager Foot Ball Team '01; Band Major; Member "F. C." Literary Editor Clemsonian. He takes well with the ladies..

EDDINGS T. HUGHES.

Motto: Let fame that all hunt after in their lives
Live registered upon our brazen tombs.

Born October 12, 1879, at Orangeburg, S. C.; entered college February '96; Agricultural Course; Vice President, Secretary, and President Columbian Society; Won Columbian Society Debater's Medal '99; Represented the Society in Inter-Society Oratorical Contest '99; Agricultural Editor Clemsonian; Capt. "Co. B." "Ed" is an eloquent speaker yet he did not put pebbles in his mouth.

JOHN G. KAIGLER. "JAY."

Motto: None but himself can be his parallel.

Born August 17, 1877, at Sandy Run, S. C.; entered college February '95;

Civil engineering Course; Palmetto Society; High Private, Foot Ball Team, Played Sub Left Half-Back '98, Left Half-Back '99, Sub E. and B. '00; Member "F. C." It is a great treat to be in his company.

G. FRED KLUGH. "MAJOR."

Motto: He only is a well made man who has a good determination.

Born March 20, 1881, at Quarry, S. C.; entered college February '97; Agricultural Course; Treasurer and President Palmetto Society; Secretary Y. M. C. A.; Captain "Co. C." His room-mates agree that he is good in an argument of any kind.

THOMAS OREGON LAWTON. "BOY."

Motto: To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.

Born April 3, 1880, at Brighton, S. C.; entered college August '96; Agricultural Course; Vice President Palmetto Society; Active Member Y. M. C. A.; Captain "Co. E." "Boy" had a kindly feeling in his heart for every one.

J. BAXTER LEWIS.

Motto: The deed I intend is great; but what, as yet, I know not.

Born December 4, 1877, in Rutherford county, N. C.; entered college '97; Electrical Course; Assistant Local Editor *Chronicle* '98-'99; Class Historian Business Manager *Clemson's Foot Ball* '00; played right tackle, '98; left end '99; substitute end and tackle '00; Business Manager *Clemsonian*; Director of the "F. C." He is not noted for his military genius, but his light shines in different spheres.

H. MURRAY MATHIS.

Motto: He wears the roses of youth upon him.

Born October 16, 1882 at Mossey, S. C.; entered college August, '96. Agricultural Course; Pros. Critic Palmetto Society; Lieutenant "Company A." Although the youngest of our class, he possesses many talents.

W. E. McLENDON.

Motto: He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

Born December 28, 1878 at Cypress, S. C.; entered college Sept. '96; Agricultural Course; Class Prophet; President Columbian Society; Business Manager *Chronicle* '00-'01; Lieutenant "Company C." Will probably devote himself to the study of Chemistry. "Mc." hopes to rival Fressenius.

WILLIAM H. NEWELL.

Motto: Everywhere in life the true question is, not what we gain, but what we do.

Born September 30, 1879 in Anderson County, S. C.; entered college February, '96; Electrical Course; Calhoun Society.

WILLIAM A. SANDERS. "BILLY" "MULE."

Motto: Genius must be born, and never can be taught.

Born December 10, 1879, at Chester, S. C.; entered college October '95; Textile Course; Member "F. C." High Private. Space will not permit me to write his biography; yet it should be written and preserved in a library.

WALTER H. SCOTT. "SIR WALT."

Motto: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

Born December 3, 1878, at Ridge Spring; entered college September '98; Textile Course; President Columbian Society; Secretary Sunday-school; Secretary Senior Class; Clemsonian Staff; Captain "Co. D." We wish to make of him a mill president.

HUGH R. TISON. "MONK."

Motto: We must laugh before we are happy for fear we may die before we laugh at all.

Born October 23, 1881, at Allendale, S. C.; entered college February '97; Agricultural Course; Secretary and President Calhoun Society; Sergeant '00; Member "F. C." "Monk" is the funniest boy you ever saw, his mere presence was sufficient to dispel the blues. Was a scholarly lad besides. He was a good student and will win his way to the front.

QUINCY B. NEWMAN. "Q. B."

Motto: We know what we are; but know not what we may be.

Born June 30, 1877, in Chesterfield county, S. C.; entered college February '97; Electrical Course; President Columbian Society; President South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association; Chronicle Staff; Won *Chronicle* Medal '00; Quartermaster Lieutenant, *Clemsonian* Staff. His face is familiar to every one.

ERNEST H. PICKETT.

Motto: I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none.

Born November 6, 1877, at Goodwater, Ala.; entered college February '96;

Textile Course; Treasurer, Critic, and President Calhoun Society; Lieutenant "Co. B." He was a student of pluck and good judgment.

HOLLIS L. RAMSEY. "MOLLY."

Motto: Man is man and master of his fate.

Born September 29, 1877, at New Prospect, S. C.; entered college February '96; Textile Course; Vice President Palmetto Society; Lieutenant "Co. C." A somewhat modest student.

ROBERT N. REEVES. "Bill."

Motto: He is in deep sympathy with mankind, also womankind.

Born Dec. 18, 1879 at Longtown, S. C.; entered college August '96; Agricultural Course; Secretary, Treasurer and Vice President Calhoun Society; High Private; President's medal '00; *Chronicle* Staff '01; Historical Editor *Clemsonian*; Member "F. C." He is fond of Military life.

J. H. RODDEY. "Daddy." "Col. R."

Motto: I awoke one morning and found myself famous.

Born Jan. 8, 1881 at Roddey, S. C.; entered college February '97; Electrical Course; Lieutenant Artillery. His history is not yet completed, which means that we shall have to wait for it.

JAMES E. SALLY.

Motto: The mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.

Born July 7, 1879 at Orangeburg, S. C.; entered college February, '97; Electrical Course; Senior Captain; *Clemsonian* Staff. Having made a fine record while at college, we expect him to win equal success in the battles of life.

EDGAR M. MATTHEWS.

Motto: The good of others he made his chief concern.

Born March 15, 1879 at Williston, S. C.; entered college September '98; Electrical Course; President Calhoun Society; Calhoun Society Orator's Medal, '99; President's Medal, '99; President Y. M. C. A.; Editor-in-Chief Foot Ball Pamphlet; Editor-in-Chief *Clemsonian*; Literary Editor *Chronicle* '00-'01; Lieutenant Company D.



BURGESS



ANDERSON



ALLEN



BLAISE



BUTLER



DERLINGTON



OVERTHILL



CANTON



DUCKWORTH



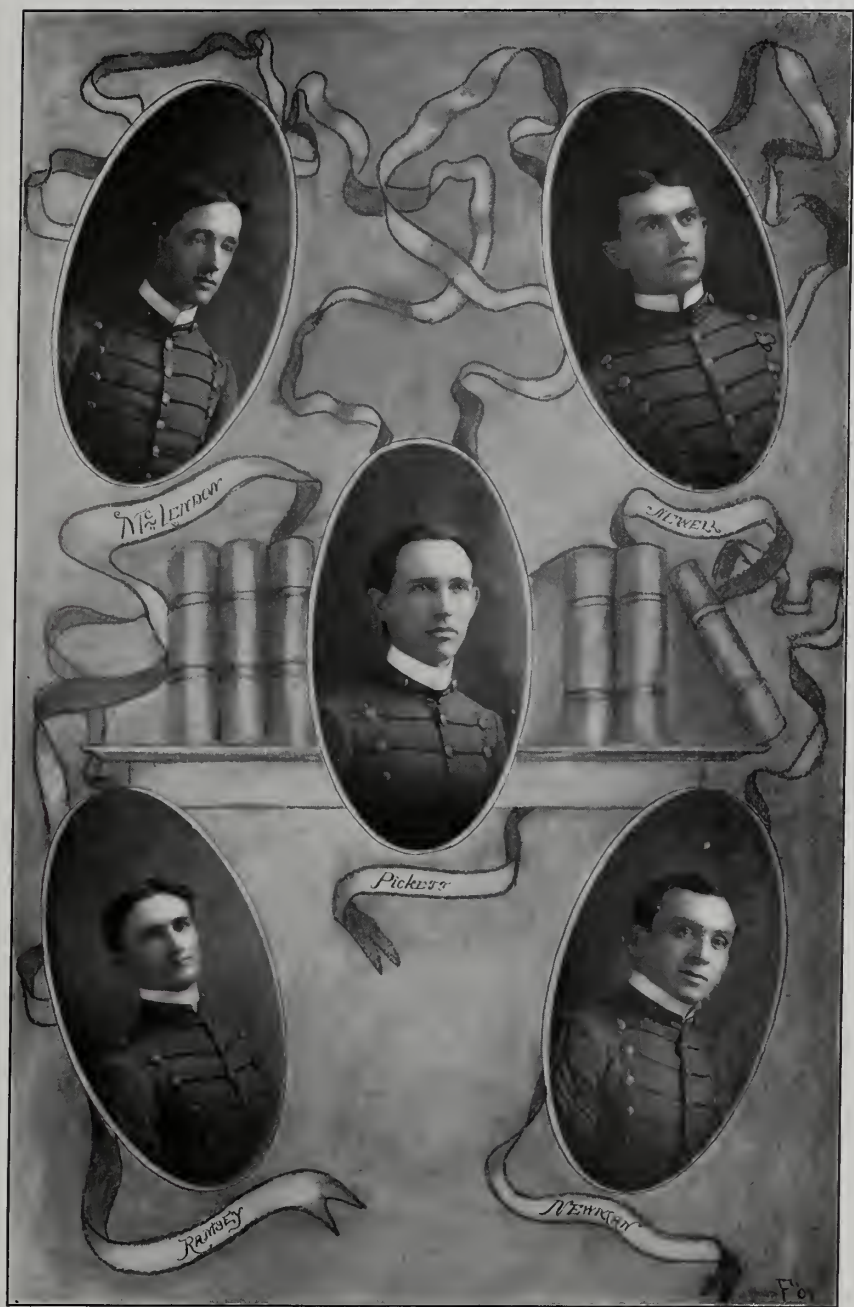
FAIR

F-01



F'03







Class Roll '01.



Officers:

President, W. G. Hill.
Vice President, Q. B. Newman.
Secretary, W. H. Scott.
Historian, J. Baxter Lewis.
Lawyer, J. C. Duckworth.
Poet, E. M. Matthews.
Prophet, W. E. McLendon.

P. H. All,
J. W. Anderson,
J. W. Blease,
W. A. Burgess,
A. A. Butler,
H. L. Cannon,
J. E. Cheatham,
W. R. Darlington,
W. N. Fair,
R. G. Forsythe,
T. K. Glenn,
E. T. Hughes,

J. G. Kaigler,
G. F. Klugh,
T. O. Lawton,
H. M. Mathis,
W. H. Newell,
E. H. Pickett,
H. L. Ramsey,
R. N. Reeves,
J. H. Roddey,
J. E. Sally,
W. A. Sanders,
H. R. Tison.



History of the Junior Class.



2

There often comes up before me this question. Why is it that we like to reflect upon the past? Simple as this question may seem, it is hard to answer it directly. This fondness may be due to a certain extent to vanity. One may be so well pleased with his former actions, may be so inspired by personal attainment as to derive great pleasure from such meditations. Or, on the contrary, it may be that one sees the errors of his past life, and delights to study this in order that he may profit by his mistakes. I think a better reason still is, that in every man's life, there are times when the future with its prospects comes up before

him; then it is that he looks to the past in order that he may judge what the future is likely to be. Because of some of these reasons, curiosity, interest, or what not, it is pleasant to reflect upon the achievements of our class; the class of nineteen hundred and two.

In the annals of our college, I doubt if there will ever be recorded the names of a nobler class than the present Junior Class. Since we entered college in September '98, we have been noted as being the largest class in the history of the College, and a class the largest percentage of whose members have returned year after year.

We, as Freshmen were not nearly so insignificant as people used to think, for there were two classes below us. Though we had just entered college life, we were not the objects of ridicule for the higher classmen, as is the case at most colleges, for the Preps. caught most of that. And, too, a good many of us had come up from Prep. and were already skilled in the art of war, and had already begun to feel our importance. Our class organization, which was the beginning of our significance, was early in the first term of our freshman year.

The first and only time to my knowledge that there was no class of '02," was on a visit to our Sister College during this year. The reason for this, though, was that there seemed to be a mutual agreement between the two colleges that there should be no lower classmen that day, so there were none but higher classmen and special students. This was our only outing during the whole year and we longed for June to come; for then it was that we were not

only to be free for three months, but each of us expected to be made a corporal, then how big we would feel! It is useless for me to say that some of us were disappointed, but those who were not, all during the vacation in our most pleasant reveries, would picture ourselves "marching around a relief" or "guiding a four" on drill.

Vacation passed away almost before we were aware of it, and we found ourselves again back at college—as Sophomores. While our number was slightly diminished, there were several good men added to our roll.

At this period of our college course we were divided into Agricultural and Mechanical students, while our work differed widely, there was no change in our class feeling. We worked away on our second year, overcoming all obstacles, gradually leaving behind us the big-head that is characteristic of all Sophomores, and finally awaking to the fact that we had reached that period where we no longer estimate ourselves too highly, for we are Juniors.

In every feature of college life, our class has played an important part. In the Literary Societies we have by no means been behind. On many occasions have the laurels been carried off by our classmen, who are now wearing medals presented to them by their respective societies.

Athletics is indebted to us in many ways, for from our freshman year we have been well represented both in quality and in numbers. Our class team has always been champions of the College in base ball, and the proportion of the players on the college team from our class is more than double that of any other class.

Though we do not dwell in the regions of pretended dignity occupied by Seniors, we are in hopes that the time is not far distant when we shall be thus delightfully situated.

H. G. S.



CLASS OF '02.

Class Roll '02.



Officers:

President, C. Douthit.

Vice-President, M. E. Zeigler.

Secretary and Treasurer, J. Lynah, Jr.

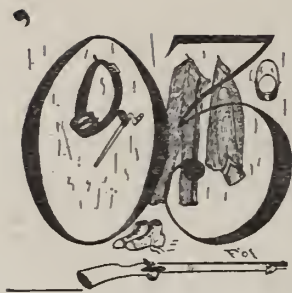
Poet, H. A. Wilson.

Historian, H. G. Stokes.

Prophet, J. R. Stephens.

G. E. Bamberg.	C. N. Gignilliat.	W. T. Prescott.
B. H. Barre.	G. H. Hardin.	T. R. Phillips.
A. R. Barrett.	I. W. Hayne.	C. L. Reid.
C. A. Bellows.	D. G. Humbert.	A. D. Royall.
E. B. Boykin.	F. M. Jordan.	J. M. Rodger.
E. Brockman, Jr.	D. Jennings.	S. M. Robertson.
J. H. Brown.	H. B. Jennings, Jr.	S. C. Stewart.
J. M. Burgess.	D. Kohn.	D. H. Sally.
E. G. Campbell.	E. J. Larsen.	C. H. Seigler.
H. T. Cantey.	D. G. Lewis.	T. C. Shaw.
A. B. Carr.	H. F. Little.	M. A. Sitton.
W. E. Chapman.	T. H. Munro.	W. F. Sneed.
G. B. Clinkscales.	J. D. Meador.	D. A. J. Sullivan.
W. F. Cole.	H. W. Marvin.	J. H. Spencer.
W. W. Coleman.	G. F. Mitchell.	T. B. Spencer.
W. B. Cothran.	J. E. Martin, Jr.	W. G. Templeton.
F. Crawford.	G. T. McGregor.	J. B. Tinsley.
B. C. Cromer.	L. H. McCullough.	J. B. Whitney.
J. C. Earle.	F. K. Norris.	E. M. Watson.
H. M. Franks.	N. Oliver.	J. B. Watkins.
F. M. Gunby.	F. E. Pearman.	S. M. Ward, Jr.
J. E. Gettys.	H. T. Poe, Jr.	M. E. Zeigler.

History of '03.



In September 1899, we entered upon our college career, as meek little Freshmen; but very proud to know that at last we had reached the goal to which we had so long aspired.

Often in our meditations we pictured ourselves as we hoped to be after we had graduated; some of us were great electrical engineers and inventors whose names would be coupled on the pages of history with those of Franklin Morse and Edison; some civil engineers constructing the Nicaragua

Canal and tunneling the unknown depths of the broad Atlantic; some presidents and superintendents of cotton factories of untold size, some few saw themselves as wealthy farmers, with vast tracts of land and horses and cattle too numerous to mention.

At that time we were a hundred and forty-five strong and but few dropped their hopes and gave up their places among the promising men of the Class of "03" during our freshmen year.

In September 1900, we returned to college as the wise fools, Sophomores, and not the meek rats of the preceeding year. Several familiar faces of our former comrades and class mates were missing, and new ones took their places; at this time we were divided into the Agriculturals and Mechanicals, and now in the near future the latter will be divided into Civil, Electrical, and Textile sections.

Our class has lost a few gay young men this year; they strayed from their guides and wondered carelessly on the edges of the high and dangerous precipices, known to students under the names of Trigonometry, Physics and Chemistry, the sides of the precipices are too steep to be climbed by those who are so fortunate as to escape with their lives, and to prevent any farther disasters of this kind our class placed sign boards at the most dangerous points, so that those who follow us may profit by our works, and at present we journey with a party of a hundred and five gray clad youths, and of this number only fifteen seem to be interested in Agricultural pursuits.

Amongst our number are to be seen square faced "Zim;" "Pig" the politician; "Chunk" the Parisian; "Billy Be"—who is a sleeper by nature; "Chauncey," Baron Muchansen's equal, and "We We" the slick, who always manage to keep

Nick Carter and "Old King Brady" busy on their tracks finding clues, and bringing them before the court of justice.

We are represented in all athletic sports there's "Buster" and "Jake" on the Foot Ball team and "Mac," "Barks," "Bill," and "John," on the Base Ball team and Wylie who jumps five feet six inches in the air with the grace of a deer.

The short stories written by the members of our class would put Irving and Hawthorne to shame; our poets are numerous and some of their works would do credit to Shakespeare or Milton. We are well supplied with orators who seem to inherit their talent from Demosthenes and Cicero.

We have set a noble example for the freshmen, and shown them how to act when they have reached this high plane in their college career.



Class Roll '03.



Officers:

President, T. S. Perrin.

Vice President, J. A. Forsythe.

Secretary, W. E. Gregg Black.

Poet, G. D. Levy.

Historian, H. C. Sahlman.

Chaplain, R. G. Williams.

E. P. Alford,	C. B. Hagood,	G. F. Norris,
N. H. Alford,	T. R. Hamlin,	S. Paul,
G. R. Barksdale,	R. W. Hanckel,	B. F. Pegues,
W. H. Barnwell,	J. E. Harrall,	T. S. Perrin,
J. T. Beaty,	E. L. Hartley,	H. R. Pollitzer,
G. Black,	T. M. Harvey,	J. F. Prioleau,
C. E. Boineau,	L. B. Haselden,	P. J. Quattlebaum,
J. L. Bradford,	R. B. Haynsworth,	J. W. Ready,

Class Roll '03--Continued.

C. M. Cain,	A. W. Hill,	C. Y. Reamer,
W. O. Cain, Jr.,	W. A. Holland, Jr.,	F. K. Rhodes,
W. M. Carter,	G. M. Honour,	J. T. Robertson, Jr.,
S. J. Chandler,	M. N. Hunter,	D. H. Sadler,
W. B. Chisolm,	S. Jefferies, Jr.,	H. C. Sahlman,
R. B. Croft,	B. M. Jenkins,	C. V. Sitton,
J. C. Cullum, Jr.,	P. F. Jenkins,	T. E. Stanley,
J. P. Cummings,	T. Jordan,	W. B. Stringfellow,
F. H. Cunningham,	B. H. Kaigler,	H. C. Summers,
J. G. Cunningham,	L. O. King,	D. S. Taylor,
D. E. Earle,	G. A. Larsen,	A. E. Thomas,
E. D. Ellis,	B. H. Lawrence,	H. C. Tillman,
G. O. Epps,	C. W. Legerton,	I. L. Tobin, Jr.,
S. W. Epps,	G. D. Levy,	P. T. Villipigue,
E. R. Finger,	V. Livingston,	J. M. Wallace,
S. Ford,	P. Mackey,	J. LaB. Ward,
J. A. Forsythe,	F. D. Marjenhoff,	E. B. C. Watts,
L. W. Fox,	J. V. Matthews,	W. M. Wightman,
B. Freeman,	W. B. Mays,	H. E. Wills,
R. A. Gandy,	A. J. Milling,	V. M. Williams,
T. S. Gandy,	O. P. Mills,	J. M. Wilson,
B. H. Gardner,	M. M. Mitchell,	O. B. Wilson,
W. D. Garrison,	G. L. Morrison,	J. Wingo,
P. A. George,	H. N. McCrary,	J. H. Woodward,
J. P. Glenn,	J. W. McMakin,	C. W. Wright,
M. A. Grace,	J. T. McNeill,	J. C. Wylie,
H. Greene,	G. W. McSwain,	J. H. Wyse,
A. B. Gregorie,	N. W. Newell,	T. B. Young,
	T. H. Zimmerman.	



CLASS OF '03.



CLASS OF '04.

Reynolds & Co.

Class of '04.



As we stand upon the threshold of our glorious future, we will introduce ourselves to our hosts of friends and admirers by saying that we are not as "verdant," as most Freshmen are, but on the other hand we claim to be an exceptionally bright set of fellows.

Our history is a long and sad one. We have been oppressed, slandered and tyrannized over. Away back in the dawn of our history when we as a crowd of bedraggled "rats" made our first appearance upon the stage of college life it began. When we belonged to the Preparatory Department they labelled us with the vile epithet "The Prep. Kingdom," and when we asked for permission to elect class officers, we were told that we belonged to a Kingdom and therefore could not elect a president.

When we arrived at the mature stage of "Freshmanhood" we sternly demanded our rights and they were promptly given. Since then our career has been onward and upward. We have risen in the face of all the wrongs and oppressions heaped upon us by our less worthy friends, the Sophomores, until now we have reached the height of a Freshman's ambition and are beginning to peep over into the realm of the Sophomores.

J. M.

Class Roll '04.



Officers:

President, R. T. Dial.
Vice President, J. G. Barnwell.
Secretary and Treasurer, J. A. Long.
Historian, John Maxwell.
Poet, A. M. Henry.
Lawyer, V. B. Hall.
Chaplain, W. B. Sparkman.

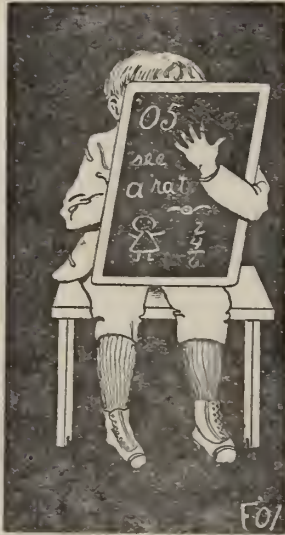
C. Ancrum.	S. J. Faris.	Geo. T. McGregor.
H. F. Bamberg.	S. I. Felder.	G. W. McIver.
H. W. Barre.	A. L. Fisher.	W. M. McWhorter.
L. H. Bell.	A. R. Fitzsimmons.	C. Norton.
J. N. Bethea.	D. B. Fletcher.	S. O. O'Bryan.
M. B. Booth.	H. R. Fletcher.	J. J. O'Hagan.
J. W. Bowman.	J. R. Fulmer.	K. T. Oswald.
M. B. Brabham.	J. Gelzer, Jr.	H. E. Phillips.
J. O. Breeden.	M. R. Gibson.	V. C. Platt.
R. H. Breese.	A. E. Holman.	G. L. Preacher.
E. F. Brown.	H. F. Hunsucker.	J. T. Reese.
S. G. Bryan.	J. M. Hill.	M. S. Reeves.
R. J. Coney.	S. T. Hill.	O. M. Roberts.
H. F. Cheatham.	H. C. Hightower.	T. C. Robinson, Jr.
W. Chavous.	J. R. Henderson.	J. M. Schorb.
J. R. Carrigan.	C. Hanvey.	J. E. Schachte.
L. E. Carter.	R. B. Hartzog.	C. R. Scarborough.
W. Cagle.	F. T. Hamlin.	B. V. Sawyer.
F. E. Cope.	L. H. King.	W. O. Self.
J. R. Cothran.	J. J. A. Krentzlin.	H. R. Sherard.

Class Roll '04--Continued.

L. E. Croft.	J. A. Lofton.	J. R. S. Siau, Jr.
E. P. Crouch.	B. F. Lee.	A. J. Stubbs.
W. C. Cooley.	F. W. Lachicotte.	J. P. Tarbox.
J. R. Connor.	J. R. London.	W. Templeton.
C. Dew.	T. M. Lundy.	E. A. Thornwell.
D. P. Dehon.	W. F. Mauldin.	W. O. Van Wyck.
J. T. Davenport.	H. M. Manigault.	S. L. Verner.
W. H. Donly.	H. W. Matthews.	W. P. Walker.
J. A. Drake.	J. M. Monroe.	W. S. Werts.
J. N. Drake.	H. A. Mood.	H. S. White.
J. C. DuBoise.	B. A. Moore.	B. L. White, Jr.
H. H. Evans.	I. H. Moorehead.	J. F. Williams.
J. H. Emery.	H. A. Moorer.	J. A. Wier.
I. F. Eldredge.	E. H. Muller.	C. E. Williamson.
S. E. Evans.	F. B. McCoy.	F. C. Wyse.
J. W. Everett.	R. I. McDavid.	



Class Roll '05.



R. L. Adams.
C. P. Ballenger.
T. A. Bown.
F. K. Breazeale.

F. W. Clement.	J. H. Rodger.
C. A. Clinkscales.	G. W. Royston.
A. C. Collins.	F. M. Routh.
L. S. Connor.	J. C. Sanders.
W. D. Connor.	S. F. Seagle.
J. L. Coogan.	C. C. Schirmer.
E. S. Croft.	J. L. Shaw.
F. R. Dingle.	A. McL. Shealy.
W. V. Dunn.	G. Speer.
W. F. DuPre.	E. G. Strobel.
W. R. Earle.	F. M. Stubbs.
H. S. Farley.	A. J. Sullivan.
R. M. Griffin.	N. Wakefield.
R. A. Houston.	L. W. Walker.
T. B. Jacobs.	C. Webb.
J. M. Jenkins.	W. C. Wilbur.
A. W. Knobeloch.	A. M. Williams.
H. G. Lewis.	E. Wilson.
R. L. Link.	H. Zeigler.
H. H. McGee.	J. A. Zimmerman.
J. L. Napier, Jr.	J. C. Zimmerman.
S. P. Richardson.	W. S. Zimmerman.
J. O. Ritter.	



Irregular Students.

H. R. Dwight.	W. F. Gilbert.	J. E. Hopkins.
W. E. Hopkins.	E. E. Smith.	J. D. Hughey.

Postgraduates.

G. W. Hart.	A. P. Norris.	J. H. Kinsler.
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CLASS OF '05.

Purple Violets.



Memorial Hall was a scene of beauty. It always is on such occasions. The Clemson Literary Societies were holding the Annual Oratorical Contest.

A great deal of interest is manifested in this contest. The first two speakers had received the approving applause of their friends. The music ceased and the presiding officer presented the third speaker.

His subject was "The Spirit of our Religion," and he delivered the address in a pleasing manner. Not until he was half through did the full significance of his theme

and his earnestness begin to reach the audience.

Minds religious and otherwise were forced to admire the gem thoughts that the speaker presented and the golden setting of his finished oratory. You could have heard a pin fall, the hall was so quiet. The speaker paused. He seemed to be gathering strength, indeed, his face exhibited a determination to rally all of his efforts for the last thought.

The speech was of the highest order, and its delivery faultless. The audience evinced their appreciation by prolonged cheering. Every one had held his breath while the speaker defended the religion of his people, their traditions, and their ideals.

He was a Jew.

The judges retired to make their decision, and the great hall was at once a scene of excitement and suspense. The ushers moved about the crowd gathering flowers and notes which they presented to the speakers seated on the rostrum.

Flowers began to pile up around the first two speakers and the third

speaker received none. Several persons noticed this, and remarked that he was almost a stranger at college, while the others were old and popular students.

Col. Morgan's family were present. Mary carried a beautiful bouquet of violets. She was seen to scratch the name she had written on the card at home so that it could not be read, and hastily pencil another. The usher gave it to the last speaker.

Charley Herndon thought them the purplest violets he had ever seen and the prettiest. He would have thought them prettier still if he had known the girl that gave them. After that he received other flowers, but the aroma of those violets filled his thoughts, and somehow made him feel happy.

He took the flowers to his room where for several days they made the air delicious with their perfume. But days after the other flowers were withered and thrown away the purple violets gave from their little incense bowls their sweet, delicate aroma. It spread to everything in the room, filled the four walls, and Herndon's heart also. He pressed his face among the violets every time he entered the room, and read the little card with their names upon it.

What difference did it make if he had never seen her nor heard of her. The violets were so purple, so royally pretty and sweet. He knew that they had been intended for some one else and that his name had been written on the card at the last minute, but this robbed the violets of none of their value in his eyes. They were his favorite flowers.

As often as he saw her card and smelled the violets he thought of the giver and wondered what she looked like. He learned that Col. Morgan's family lived a few miles from college. There was no need for him to meet Mary so he was content to think of her.

One Sunday evening a few weeks before commencement, Charley came into his room from a long walk, and interrupting his roommate's letter writing, announced the fact that he had seen the prettiest girl in the world.

"I got just a glimpse of her as the carriage passed, but I tell you I would love that woman till doom's day if she would let me."

Then he proceeded to tell all the "points" that his binocular gaze had taken in in the limited time. When he had finished his roommate informed him that he had seen Mary Morgan, his violet girl.

Charley said nothing for awhile but communed with himself. There came to his senses the sweet aroma of purple violets. The world looked larger, the commonplace things seemed to lose their commonplaceness, and he was conscious of an indescribable feeling of loneliness and happiness. There seemed no possible way for him to meet her, and he accepted the fact as final that commencement would conclude his one-sided love making.

One night during commencement week found him at Sloane's Hall attending a masquerade. The floor and windows presented a beautiful scene.

Fair ladies dressed in the costumes of several ages were the centers of courtly groups of men. There was a veritable conglomeration of perfume, exquisite taste in dress, and ridiculous millinery.

Partners for supper were chosen by lot. The "Maid of Orleans" fell to the lot of "George Washington." The Father of his Country was seen to stop and become awkward for a moment as he took the arm of the Orleans Maid.

She wore a large boquet of purple violets.

The moments spent at that supper table were the sweetest of his life. He seemed to feel, to know by intuition, if you please, that he was at last in the presence of the woman that he could love passionately. Her voice was life to him, and his very heart drank in the aroma of violets.

After supper came the unmasking and he was happy. He desired to thank her for the violets, and had other affairs to talk of. They sat in a window and the cool southern breeze played with her hair. Cupid played with hearts.

He told of his loneliness and how the flowers made him happy—they were his favorites. She apologized for the scratched card. They were boating in a dangerous sea, but Cupid ferried them safely over.

"I believe I loved you before I knew you, just for the violets," he said.

"Really, I was so glad you won that pretty medal," said the Maid of Orleans.

"I will swap it for that boquet of violets," said the Father of his Country, "and throw in the cherry tree and hatchet."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, my heart."

The sweet aroma of purple violets was wafted out on the still night air.



A Sunset Reverie.

The day is done ! And the lingering rays
Of the summer sun cast shadows deep,
Over hill and dale, while the moonbeams peep
Through a distant, ærial haze.

The day is done ! A deep gloom falls
O'er the beautiful landscape of verdure green.
The earth seems hushed, and the silvery beams
Of the moon, glancing o'er it, enthralls.

'Tis a silence profound ! And I gaze in awe
At the splendor ; the majestic grandeur superb.
'Tis an ideal quietude—naught to disturb,
Save the zephyrs of natures law.

And I muse on the simile, drawn thus pure
By nature's artistic and facile pen,
How this twilight resembles the twilight of men
When the battle of life is o'er.

And those lingering rays of the sun designate
The brightness of human life that is spent,
While the pale moonbeams are the angels sent
As escorts to heaven's estate.

And those shadows deep—the agents of death—
Encircle alike the rich and the poor.
They search every home and enter each door,
Breathing anguish and pain with each breath.

And the sun goes down, like a human life
Into a fathomless unknown abyss,
And I turn from my musings, comparing the bliss
Of eternity with mundane strife.

—W. L. M.

"Where Time Works No Change."

A Sketch.

A solemn stillness pervades the air of a beautiful moonlight evening in early April, except that the breezes seem to whisper through the leafy branches, a love-ditty of sweetest melody. The resplendent moon, from his high seat of observation, looks lovingly down upon a couple seated on an old oaken bench, whispering such words to one another as only lovers can originate or understand. And as the evening-light observes this loving couple below him, a whisper seems to spread itself over the atmosphere, "sh—!! sh—!!" and the voices of the night are stilled and silent, for Cupid is at work, and Cupid works greater wonders in the silent hours of a moonlight night than at any other time.

From the lips of the youthful couple come words empty in meaning, unless spoken in the sentiment of love. Sitting together with hands clasped, these persons converse in the language of the heart, soul speaking to soul, and the mere mode expressing their sentiments by words is of little value or importance. Minutes pass hurriedly by, yet the lovers heed them not. Theirs is a peculiar lot where time has no emphasis. Verily love is blind!

And when the hour of parting draws near, and the last hand-squeeze and the good-night kiss has been delivered, he with lingering step departs homeward, while she, his beautiful sirenic Edith with happy heart prepares herself for refreshing slumber, content with the assurance of his love. And the moonlight, playing lovingly over her pillow, kisses those weary eyelids to rest, and commends her to the queen of that happy realm—dreamland.

And thus their evenings pass away, and all their future seems bright and promising. Weeks roll into months and with the advance of time, their perfect faith and love for one another grows stronger, until it seems as if the very zenith of bliss has been reached,—and then,—and then—

* * * * *

Two weeks have passed since Edith received that fatal note; fatal, because it broke in twain the loving chord which Cupid had wound so securely about their hearts; fatal, because it well-nigh caused the death of trustful Edith. No excuse was given, no apology offered for this sudden separation—all was clouded in mystery; for the note ran thus: "Should my visits and attentions be missed from now on, please believe, dear Edith, that it is not my choice, but my fate that I must hereafter deny myself the pleasure of your company." And Edith, reading, felt a pain, a sudden twitching of the heart, a dazed feeling seemed to come over her, and she knew no more. When she became conscious her first thought was about the note. Where was it? Ah, in the fit of passion, which had come over her upon reading it, she had torn it to

pieces, and the scraps were even now by her bedside, scattered like her hopes, like her happiness, like her very love—scattered and underfoot.

During this period of weakness which confined her to her room Edith did some serious thinking on the all-important subject. First she was full of yearning for the return of her lover,—a yearning which none but lovers can understand. Later, when she grew stronger, and saw no signs of reconciliation, pride took the place of yearning, and pride held her up as nothing else could have done. She determined to forget him—blot him from her memory. There were others in the world just as willing to court her as he, some more willing, more anxious. Some who had been waved back because of the presence of this favored suitor, but now in her anxiety to pass him from out of her very life, even from out of her thoughts, she gathered around her a conclave of suitors, all anxious for one kind word, one loving look, from the queen of beauties. Into the very depth of Society's whirl she cast herself, trying to forget that such a person ever lived, but to no avail. On the tablets of her memory there still remained his image, engraved thereon by the hand of love. She remembered the playful words of her father, now dead and gone to that sphere whence no traveler returns, when he said to her lover one evening after a prolonged visit, "Come again, but don't stay so long." And then she realized the fact that "memory is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven."

Yet, what of Leon, the deserter? Ah, Edith! Could you but have known the cause of his "desertion," you would have acted in a very different manner. Could you have been aware of the thousand heartaches, the horrible loneliness which was fast undermining his very health, you would have extended to him a heart full of pity if not love. It was for your own dear sake that he had acted thus. Remorseless, pitiless rumor had begun its deadly work. Whispers of scandalous and malignant nature were floating through the air. Insinuations were made regarding the chastity of their intercourse, yet it was impossible to get at the originators. And to check at once and forever this horrible state of affairs, Leon with noble self-sacrifice, forgetting in his haste that Edith as well as he would suffer, brought to an end the happiest dream of his life, to thereby cleanse her name. And this was accomplished. No matter how much pain he suffered it was for her good, and he *endured*. Yet in the weary hours of the night, when sleep refused to visit his tired lids, there would rise up in him such an overflow of yearning for her sweet companionship, that he would cry out in his pain, "Oh God, give me forgetfulness." Yet memory still remained, and preyed upon his peace of mind so much that slowly his health gave way. Doctors advised a change of air and scene, and Leon prepared to go, even in the height of his yearning after his loving Edith, prepared to leave the city where *she* lived and travel to a distant city, his former

home. Yet while preparations were being made there came over him such a strong desire to see her ere he left, that he could not o'er-master it. The Fates were kind to him in his extremity. The night before the day fixed for his departure, there was a festival, given to the public, and learning from a friend that she would be there, he resolved to attend it, even if it cost him unnumbered heartaches afterward. It is impossible to picture the state of nervous expectation which came over him as he sat in the hall, watching the newcomers enter the doors. At last she entered, cool, calm, collected as a sovereign queen. Gracefully though proudly, she took a nearby vacant seat, "the observed of all observers." And he now recognized the state of affairs. He saw that he had to deal with a proud, superior woman, and his weapon must be as hers—indifference. And they used their weapons well. Through the entire evening not a word, not even a look was exchanged between them, and when the small circle of friends gathered around him to bid him a last farewell, Edith among all, remained apart—alone, but for her thoughts. And as she stood thus some kind spirit came to her and whispered, "Pity him. Give him one last farewell. It may be forever." And pride broke down, and sympathy, if not love, took hold of her and drew her to his side. "Goodbye" was all she said. Her hand lay for a moment within his strong grasp, and in that moment Leon realized the great goodness, the unbounded sweetness of her nature. And walking out into the night he swore eternal fealty to her—his queen.

In the early morn Leon left the city for his former home—for the scenes of his childhood. Months dragged slowly by, and he was regaining his health rapidly. Yet with his love, time could work no change. Months of recreation, excitement, and flirtations failed to blot from his memory the picture of one girl, absent yet not forgotten; out of his sight, yet not out of mind; miles away, yet ever near him in his thoughts. Beautiful faces surrounded him on all sides, courting his conversation. But there ever rose before his mind's eye the image of a face far prettier, a form far more graceful, a mind far nobler, and a heart far more sincere and pure than any around him. And gradually the love which time failed to decrease, took entire possession of him and he exclaimed, "I must return to her. I can keep away no longer," and he made preparations for his return to the city of his love. God bless and prosper such an undying love as Leon's.

His return was uneventful. He arrived in the familiar city early one morning, feeling tired, yet happier than he had been for many months. That evening he made a careful toilet and wended his way over the familiar streets he had so often trod. He had notified her of his return, and now he was approaching the house where he was to learn his fate, and where he was to discover if woman's love was as constant as man's. If he had any doubt on this

score, it was entirely expelled by the warm embrace he received from Edith upon his arrival. The old quarrel was forgot, (for this was one matter time had succeeded in erasing), but the sincerity of their affection remained unchanged.

* * * * *

And as they wander, arm in arm, through the bright pathways of matrimonial bliss, the consciousness of God's divine blessing upon their union, entirely obliterates all minor troubles, and makes their life one long, strange, happy dream. And here we draw the curtain.

W. L. M.



Faith--The Pilot.

I.

I stood one day upon the ocean sands,
Enveloped in a cloud of rain and wind ;
A storm was raging ; the ocean far and near
Seemed one majestic struggling element.
The waves ran high, lashed into whitened foam
By the discordant battling 'gainst their bounds.
Afar off, on the surging billows bold,
I saw a single ship, tossed here and there
By the opposing forces of the sea.
It seemed a very toy, condemned to sink
And vanish from my eager watch, below.
Lo ! There it rode the crest of wave in ease,
And then, anon, it sunk deep out of view ;
Again I saw the keel rise from the gulf
And poise itself upon the bosom safe.
Slow it advanced through 'circling wind and wave,
Creeping toward the hospitable shore
As suppliant to the mother earth for help.
I viewed the struggling craft with eager eye,
Content to stand in safety and observe
Its contest with the mighty elements.
As if by aid of superhuman guide
It steered directly for the nearest shore
I saw the pilot standing at the wheel,
And turning left or right to guide its course.
Alas ! The fight was lost ! One mighty wave,
O'erlapping all preceding in its force,
Dashed pilot to the deck. The rudder turned,
The vessel toppled, bowed on either side
As if to 'scape the fast approaching sea,
And then, drunk with the contest, sunk at last
And vanished in the abyss of waters deep.

II.

Upon the surging sea of human life
Man battles with the elements of sin,
He fights with all his vigor to escape
The slow approach of death to soul and mind.
Afar up in that mystic maze above,

A Father gazes on the eternal strife
And notes the contest with a judging eye.
He sees the slow advance to realms of truth,
The never-ceasing effort for more light,
The spirit's cry for help and strength to bear
The burdens of a dust-created man.
But God assists not in the mundane fray,
'Tis not the secret of his creed to light
The shore of safety for the endangered ship.
Each must with his pilot—FAITH,
Guide through the ocean swells to restful coast,
Dependent on himself alone to find
The truth, the light, the everlasting peace.
Nor will the waves be stilled, the winds abate,
For time to rest, and summon courage new ;
Forever, 'tis decreed, that they should fret
The soul of man to test the pilot's strength.
"I this day set before you good and ill,"
The Maker cries, and ours is the choice,
And whether good or ill, the war is on,
And fight we must till death the warrior takes
And leaves the contest with his fellow men.

—W. L. M.



A Christmas Ball.

THE wind moaned and sighed through the tree tops on the outside. Gusts of air would send particles of sleet and rain pattering against my window sill. The pretty white earth could just be seen through the darkness of the night. It had been snowing all day long, and now the great mysterious night had stolen in like some gigantic shadow shutting away the beauties of nature at snow-tide, to all but the stars, that now one by one, peeped from behind disappearing clouds, like smiling angels, watching nature in its peaceful slumber.

Being of a meditative turn of mind, I pulled my great fur coat closer about me, lit my pipe and settled back to my reflections. It was not long before the Goddess Fancy claimed me as her own and lulled my senses away to the sweet dreamy land of the imagination. In my fancy I was again a cadet at Clemson College, romping through life contented, careless, and free. My thoughts drifted backward, recalling scenes of happy cadet life. The faces of familiar and dear friends now almost lost sight of, but never forgotten, come before my mind. Comrades and chums who had formed the companionships of their lives, seemed to pass one by one before me. Some happy, while the faces of others bore the imprint of God's chastening hand, showing that suffering and sorrow had been their lot. Picture after picture, scene after scene of my college life stole rapidly past, until they brought me up to Christmas night of my Senior year. This night will always be remembered by myself as being fraught with the happiest memories, for it lifted the shadow and sorrow from the life of one who I claimed at that time as my truest friend.

There was a Christmas Ball to be given by the Senior class on that night. Beautiful girls from all over the State of South Carolina had gathered at Clemson to be present at this happy social feature. Sisters of the cadets had come to see their brothers, who were not to have any vacation during the holidays.

* * * *

Cadet Lieutenant Chas. Farnham had entered college during our Sophomore year, and being of an intensely reserved disposition, no one ever learned anything of him more than seeing that his address was Cardenas, Cuba, which he had to give when matriculated. More than this he never told any one.

Being bright, and outwardly handsome, his extreme reserve attracted much curiosity among his class-mates. A dark complexion, black eyes and hair, too plainly showed that Spanish blood ran through his veins. It was impossible even to conjecture anything of his family or of his former life and associates, for it was soon noticed by the students that he never received any letters. He entered cheerfully into all recreations of the students, but one

who noticed him closely could see that his thoughts were far away, and that he took no pleasure in that which pleased others. Sometimes when he thought himself alone a great sadness would steal over his face and unconsciously he would look Southward to his Cuban home.

Farnham had early attracted my attention and interest, and I resolved that I would win his friendship and if possible learn something of a life that I, though knowing nothing of, could not help but admire. In his treatment of every one he was the soul of courtesy, while in all his actions the highest notion of honor was evident. But it was slow work and a long time that he remained unapproachable.

We were now in the first part of the Senior year, and it was just now that Farnham's icy coldness in respect to his history broke a little. I had succeeded in getting him to tell me that his father had been a wealthy native Cuban, and had lived near Cardenas.

Going into his room one evening, I found him sitting by his window looking out toward the Southern horizon. Divining that he was thinking of his Southern home, I approached and laid my hand upon his shoulder, and asked him to tell me of his life and home. He looked at me in surprise, but seeing that my intentions were good, said that he would let me into his confidences if I would not speak to his associates of the matter at all. I assured him of the fact that I would not; and he told me the history of his life simply and truly. He said:

"You have always wondered at the isolation that I have kept my former life in. So have your fellow students and members of the faculty, who have seemed to take a great interest in me. What I will tell you I have never made known at Clemson College before.

"My father's family were wealthy descendants of an ancient and noble family, that emigrated from Europe about the time of your American Revolution. They made their home on the fair Isle of Cuba, and my father grew up surrounded by Cuban patriots, and their unsuccessful wars against Spanish tyranny. He saw Spain murder the women and children of the land, and grew up to cherish a love and sympathy in his heart for the Cuban patriots."

"At that time my father, being a wealthy and scholarly man, had many friends in the United States—several in this State, Carolina—who paid frequent visits to Cuba in the winter on pleasure trips. In my seventeenth year a gentleman from the States came to see my father, and brought his daughter, a beautiful American girl of about my age, with him. In about a month a very strong attachment sprang up between us. Col. Farrar, as soon as he noticed my liking for his daughter, bitterly reproached her, and told her that she must not receive my attentions. We managed, however, to see a great deal of each other, and before long had promised our lives to one another.

About this time another revolution was threatening in Cuba, and Col. Farrar and May left for the States. By some means he learned that we were engaged and intercepted all letters. I heard from her once after she left, and from that day I have heard nothing of her, nor her father. It has been five years—and God knows they have been long ones. War swept over Cuba and left it a devastated country. My father's property was destroyed and his home burned. He managed to save enough to start in life again. During the remaining two years before I came to this institution, I hunted over this whole country trying to find out something of the whereabouts of Col. Farrar and his daughter. I loved May as much then as I did when we parted—and I love her still—I would give my right arm to find her. But alas! I do not suppose that I ever shall. I wonder if she has ever forgotten me. She vowed that she would always be faithful."

"Giving up my search in despair I entered Clemson College, nearly three years ago. My life as a student here, you know. I have never made public my history, for, as you know, the world smiles in bitter irony upon he whom fate has crossed."

* * * *

The spacious halls of the college building had been thrown open. The ball was at its height. Bright lights shone down upon the merry crowd, as they tripped lightly over the polished floors. Happy couples floated by in rhythmic movement to the time of a Hungarian waltz. Beauty and chivalry had collected from afar and near. Many strangers were there.

Cadet Farnham had come in late, and walked over to where a crowd of us were standing. We had just been inquiring of one another as to who the strange young lady was, that had just a few minutes before passed. She was pretty, strikingly so, and more than one cast a second glance at her as she glided by.

Cadet Farnham started, as if he had been struck. It was easy to see that he was laboring under a great emotion. He grasped my hand, and a joy supreme shone upon his face. He simply said, "May." I understood all. In a moment he was by her side—and all was forgotten save the joy of the present.

They danced together until the wee small hours. Many wondered as they saw Cadet Farnham go by, at the sudden change in his bearing, and who the young lady was that looked so trustingly in his eyes, yet none ever knew for a long time the true facts of the case.

Cadet Farnham graduated at Clemson College with high honors, and now lives in his Southern home near Cardenas, Cuba. His home is a happy one, for it is reigned over by the queen of his life, who remained faithful to her pledges made when she was a girl visiting the war torn Isle of Cuba.

W. G. H.

Between Taps and Reveille.

When the soft sweet notes of taps
Come stealing through the air,
And I put on my nightly wraps
To leave the world my care.

My eyelids gently close in sleep,
But my brain no rest can find;
It must among my loved ones peep,
And view friends left behind.

At first to my little home it goes .
To visit loved ones there ;
And thence to thine own home it soars
To visit you my dear.

Methinks, while in this state of rest
Your angel form I see,
While your head rests gently on my breast,
Of love I talk to thee.

How plainly I can see that smile
Which lingers on your face,
As of friendship I speak the while,
And try to win your grace.

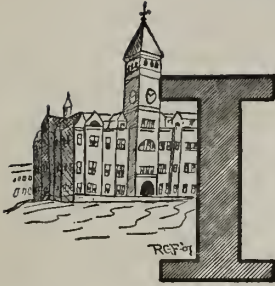
No one could with my love compare,
When you softly whispered "yes";
You'd of my joys and sorrows share,
And my hand you gently pressed.

I fancied I would gladly die
For such a love from thee ;
When shriller than the panther's cry
Came the notes of reveille.

Then suddenly as the trump of death
Ends all my dreams of you ;
And I whispered low, in quivering breath,
Would God my dream were true.

—E. G. C.

Clemson Silhouettes.



PREAMBLE.

IT is absolutely impossible for a student who has spent any length of time at college to fail to observe the prevalence of a peculiar code of ethics among the members, which seem to govern their every action and influence their every thought. Especially is this sentiment noticeable among the students of a military institution, where the governing laws so often detail certain cadets to supervise the actions of their fellow-students. In this respect Clemson College is no exception to the rule. There seems to have become ingrained into the very hearts of the corps a strong fellow-feeling; a high sense of honor which often requires great self-sacrifice on the part of the student, and which, when exhibited, in certain instances leads to very important results. It is upon the prevalence of this sentiment that the following series of silhouettes is based, and the author hopes that they will serve as illustrations, sufficiently graphic to emphasize the influence of this *characteristic*.

SILHOUETTE NUMBER ONE.

The Silence of Cadet Captain Marchall.

It was the evening of June 8th, 189-. The resplendent sun was just vanishing over the brows of the western hills and casting its lingering rays upon the old Calhoun Mansion, lighting up this historical residence with a lurid brilliancy. The second bell, notifying recall to quarters, had just been rung, and groups of cadets were passing into the barracks from the gangway, and then dispersing to their respective rooms for the night. As I entered the door with a few of my personal friends, discussing the next day's work, and throwing out good humored comments regarding certain professors and their respective idiosyncrasies, as all college students have done from time immemorial, I suddenly remembered that I desired to converse with Captain Marchall regarding society matters, and notwithstanding the risks incurred by "visiting" during study hours, I parted from the group and passed up stairs to F. Company hall, and with a wink and "all right sentinel," slipped into Marchall's room unobserved. I found him stretched upon his cot in *dis-habille*—sans coats, sans pants, sans shoes.

"Excuse my appearance," he said as I entered, "but I am so tired out from that confounded platoon drill we had this afternoon that I am trying to rest up a little in view of my duties tomorrow as O. D. "You are quite right," I

replied; "the duties of an O. D. are not as pleasant as they were last year. The commandant is evidently bent on making Clemson students 'first in war' as well as 'first in peace.'"

"Yes, and if his theory were put into practice, we would be a model set of soldiers. It is a great pity the corps will not try to aid him in his efforts as they should."

"Your brother, for instance," I laughingly rejoined, "he would make a 'model soldier' to be sure."

A slight shade of annoyance passed over his face. "The rat is undoubtedly a holy terror! He threatened to throw a bucket of water over me yesterday because I refused to let him play cards with the 'sling' crowd, and his demerits still continue to amass. He only has fifteen confinements and three extras for next Saturday, and his name appears on the delinquency report as regularly as the bugler sounds the adjutant's call."

"He is not as docile as he might be," I admitted, "but then he is a 'rat' and great allowance must be made for him." "Yes, I do make allowances, but he don't seem to care at all for the rules of the college. He is so hot-headed that I can't reprimand him without his flying into a violent rage!"

"To change the subject, what have you heard from Philadelphia regarding those curtains for our society hall?" I inquired. "I received a letter today saying"—The rest of the sentence was cut short by the noisy entrance of the "rat." "Blast that sentinel," he exclaimed, "throwing his cap on the table, "he walks his post in a military manner so energetically that I could hardly get into my own room. Who is he, anyhow, brother?"

"A fellow named Talmage, from the low country," answered Marchall, "but suppose you hang your cap up where it belongs and turn the basin down. I got reported today for 'Pan up at O. D.'s inspection,' thanks to you! I think you will have to act as orderly of this room all the time until you learn to be more careful, as I am tired of serving confinements for your carelessness!"

"Better be glad your stripes save you from walking extras instead of growling because you have to lie up in your room a few hours on Saturday. You are always in here on Saturday anyhow!" remarked the younger Marchall.

"Yes, but the mere knowledge that I have to remain in is sufficient to make me desire to get out, when otherwise I would very likely stay in all day. It's the contrariness of human nature that's in all of us."

"In you, especially," was the sarcastic reply. "By Jingo! I can't find my 'Strangs' anywhere. Suppose you've got it stuck away in your locker for safe-keeping."

"You are more likely to find it *under* the locker or in the slop bucket, where you sometimes throw your books. However, we have had enough of your lip,

so close up, do you hear? We have business of importance to attend to!" And Marchall turned to me with a few words about the curtains. But the "rat" was in a rage. "Close up yourself! You're not my daddy and I'm not going to stand your slack any more. There are some boys on 'Pig' that will back me up in anything I do, and we'll fix you up, see if we don't."

Marchall had risen from the cot, his face flushed with anger, when the door opened and the sentinel put his head in, saying, "the commandant is in the guard-room and you fellows must make less noise in here, or I'll report the last one of you," and the door closed again. "Do you hear that?" Marchall said to his brother, "now shut up or I will make you."

"Dare you to come near me," cried the "rat," who had worked himself into a passion dangerous to behold. "You ought to be wearing stripes around your clothes instead of on your arm!"

I have but an indistinct recollection of what followed. I remember that Marchall jumped off the cot in great anger, and advanced towards his brother. I saw the "rat" put his hand to his back pocket and draw out a pistol and aim it directly at his brother. I jumped up from my chair and as quickly as possible knocked up his arm and the bullet buried itself in the ceiling.

"Corporal of the guard, No 7!!" cried the sentinel outside, and "Corporal of the guard No. 7" was re-echoed by the sentinels below. Young Marchall seemed to realize the danger he was in, and before we could stop him, he had rushed out of the room and down the hall. I now began to think of my own safety. Jumping into the locker, that haven of refuge for visitors, I pulled the door close after me. I knew that a pistol shot fired in the barracks, during study hours especially, was a serious occurrence, and I fully expected the officer of the day and commandant to turn up also. One can imagine my nervous condition, therefore, as I squeezed myself into the smallest possible space in the corner of the locker. Soon I heard the clinking of the O. D.'s sword, and heard him question the sentinel regarding the whereabouts of that shot. The sentinel replied that it occurred in the third room on the left, and in walked Lieutenant Dawson, the officer of the day. "Hello, Marchall! I forgot that you roomed in here. I am looking for the origin of that pistol shot. Did you hear it?" (There is always a close friendship among the members of the Senior Class.) I could hear doors opening all the way down the hall.

Marchall was quite cool. "It occurred in this room," he replied, as he advanced and picked up the pistol, still smoking, from the floor where it had fallen. About this time a well-known tread could be distinguished in the hall, and twenty or thirty doors closed with a bang. Into the room walked the commandant! "Was that pistol shot fired in this room?" he enquired of Marchall. "It was," replied Marchall, saluting him and placing the pistol on the table. "Did you fire it?" was the next question. "I decline to say

anything further on the subject," replied the cadet captain, and his lips were set firmly, as he looked straight into the eyes of his superior. "You decline to say anything further?" The commandant seemed surprised. "Captain Marchall," he said, and every word seemed freighted with deep importance, "it will not be advisable for you to assume such a stand in this matter. I give you this warning for your own good," and his tone became kindly toward the last.

"I thank you, sir," replied Marchall, while his face became more rigid and his lips set more firmly, "but I have said all that I have to say."

"Sir, this is insubordination! You may consider yourself under arrest, and I'll investigate this matter more thoroughly tomorrow morning." And forth from the room walked the officers.

I came forth from my hiding place and looked at Marchall with wonder. He seemed a different person. His face was pale and haggard, and a deep frown was on his brow. He seemed angered.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "that I should work for nearly four years diligently, and be put under arrest now! This is terrible! Where could that boy have gotten hold of a pistol?"

"But, my dear fellow," I cried, "why didn't you tell the commandant who fired the pistol and save yourself?" "Because if he ever finds out that Harold fired that shot, he will be expelled. You have no idea how many scrapes he has been into lately, and the number of demerits to his credit. This will cap the climax."

"And yet—and yet unless I clear myself I will certainly get into serious trouble. Heavens! what shall I do?"

"Shift the blame off your shoulders somehow," I said. "But how can I? No one was seen in here but myself, and the commandant *himself*, saw the pistol still smoking in my hands! Everything is against me, yet I cannot inform against Harold! You have no idea how the homefolks would take it, if he were expelled. He has always been the pet of the family." "I am awfully sorry for you," I replied, "and will leave you to think over the best plan to get out of it. Good night." "Good night, old fellow, call 'round again, but in the meantime, promise me you will not say a word about this to anybody, unless I give you permission." "Certainly I will not, if you say so," and slipped out unperceived by the sentinel. I returned to my room on A company hall, to meditate on my peculiar position in this matter. * * * * * The next morning about ten minutes after the bugle for guard mount had sounded, as I sat in my room listening to the stirring strains of the Palatinus march as it floated into my window, I bethought myself of going to the guard room and inquiring if any steps had been taken regarding last night's escapade. As I reached the door of the

guard room, three short rings of the electric bell notified the orderly that his presence was desired in the commandant's office. I waited for his return, thinking he could enlighten me, and I was not mistaken. He came back with a slip of paper in his hand, and on it I saw the name of Captain Marchall in the well-known hand-writing. I heard the orderly seek Marchall's room and notify him that the commandant wanted to speak with him in the office, at once. What passed between them, I never knew, but that afternoon a special meeting of the faculty was called together, and Marchall summoned to appear before the august body. Half an hour later I met him returning and asked him the result of his examination. He looked pale and very melancholy. "I maintained a silence so complete that my evidence will be of little value," he said with a sad smile. "But my dear fellow, they have no other evidence," I cried, and your silence will be detrimental to you!" "I know that," he said, "but I have determined on my course and nothing will change it."

"I hope you will come out all right," I said. "Thanks, I am prepared for anything he can do, but I don't think he will be hard on me." Here we separated, but I felt this would be a dark day for him—and indeed it was! The bugle for retreat had sounded, the companies formed and dressed in martial order. The Adjutants call rang out clear upon the summer air, and I thought how sadly it must sound to Marchall, who knew it to be the preface to his fate; and I glanced where he stood at the position of parade rest, the ideal Cadet Captain.

"Battalions, attention!!" sounded the sonorous voice of the Adjutant, and three hundred right feet came forward and three hundred pairs of ears awaited the Adjutant's next words, for the story of the pistol shot had traveled over the barracks. "Clemson Agricultural College, Clemson College, South Carolina. Order number 36. Paragraph one: For refusing to inform the commandant of the cause of a pistol shot fired on the night of June 8th, about 8:30 o'clock, and maintaining a silence which seemed to all as unnecessary as it was insolent; and, furthermore, for being found in his room with a pistol in his hand, a few minutes after the aforementioned shot was fired:—Cadet Captain Marchall, A. M., is hereby reduced to ranks.

The commandant desires to state that this punishment is made so severe owing to the unreasonable silence which this delinquent has insisted upon maintaining when questioned as to the cause of the pistol shot. Although it is a breach of orders for a cadet to have a weapon in his possession, and especially so, to discharge same in barracks during study hours,—yet had the cadet spoken up promptly when questioned, he would in all probability, have received a much lighter punishment. It was his continued silence, which hinted at contempt for higher authority, which brought this sentence upon

Cadet Marchall, and the entire corps are hereby warned against assuming such a stand in the future. Rest!"

It was over! The deed was done! Marchall was a private! My head! seemed swimming round and round. "Reduced to ranks! Reduced to ranks!" rang in my ears incessantly. And yet I could have saved him this disgrace had I not promised to keep silent in the matter. For the first time I realized how important was my position in the matter! I had a faint idea our captain was calling us to attention. "Right face, forward march!," and "hep! hep!" down we marched to supper. I could not eat. Every voice around me seemed to murmur, "Reduced to ranks! Reduced—to—ranks!— * * * * *"

The fall passed swiftly by. November waned and December was ushered in with wintry blasts. Private Marchall continued his studies as usual, but he had changed, oh! how he had changed! He was less jovial than of yore. He seemed to suffer most keenly from the stigma placed upon him, and went about sadly. I often found him in his room brooding over his disgrace, and sighing for commencement day, which would release him from the companionship of his classmates. At last the eventful day arrived.

Upon the rostrum of the Memorial Hall sat the graduating class, a noble, intellectual set of youths. In the front row, conspicuous by the plainness of his coat, the absence of those golden stripes, symbolic of the worthiness of the wearer, sat A. M. Marchall, once a captain, now a private, in F company. The audience were becoming restless at the failure of the president to arrive. Heads were constantly turned toward the door, while a busy hum of voices and odors of sweet bouquets filled the air. At last their patience was rewarded; The president approached and took his seat on the rostrum, and one or two observant persons saw a little fellow creep in the door and take a seat on the back bench and wipe away some tears. There was a peculiar smile on the face of the president as he arose to address the audience. After a few preliminary remarks he said: "This is an eventful day for all of us, especially so for these gentlemen assembled here to receive their diplomas. But it has been a most eventful day for me, also. I have been the recipient of a piece of news, which delayed me in my appearance tonight, but which has been well worth the delay. I desire to present to you an instance of heroism unparalleled; of unselfishness personified; of self-sacrifice in its highest form. Six months ago a member of the senior class, holding the position of captain, was reduced to ranks for a double offence. He was supposedly caught in the act of firing a pistol in his room during study hours—a very grave offense, and upon being questioned as to his excuse for this action, retained a stolid silence very exasperating under the circumstances. Today—not an hour ago—his younger brother appeared before me and made a confession which will alter the condition of

affairs. He stated that he was the one who had fired the pistol on the night of June the 8th, and that his brother had taken all the blame on himself to save *him* from being sent home. 'But,' the boy exclaimed, I cannot bear to see him graduate with this stain on his otherwise perfect record, and though somewhat tardy, I come to make this confession!"

Here the president's voice faltered. "Allow me ladies and gentlemen," he continued, with tears in his eyes and his voice shaking with emotion, "allow me to present for your most hearty applause, this hero of Clemson College—cadet *private* A. M. Marchall!"

It is impossible to describe the tempest of applause which echoed and re-echoed through the hall, and the cheer after cheer which burst from the throats of the enthusiastic audience as bouquets of flowers were showered upon him.

Sufficient to say that as I looked up at the blushing youth, and heard the applause of the multitude around me, I inwardly murmured, "God is just. Each man gets his deserts, and Marchall certainly deserves his!"

W. L. M.



The Bells.

On a quiet Sunday morning, in the summer of the year,
You can hear the bells a-ringing, a-ringing calm and clear,
As if they were a-calling for those that he holds dear.

When on a happy wedding day two hearts are made as one,
You may hear the bells a-ringing for the happy days to come.

When our Father, in his wisdom, has called a dear one home,
Their deep sad notes come measuredly from out their lofty dome.

But they ring their sweetest music in the watches of the night,
When the snowy souls of infants homeward take their upward flight.

—F. J. MCK.

The Sympathy of the Pines.

I was walkin' home at midnight,
Jest as happy as could be ;
For I'd told her that I loved her,
And she said that she loved me.
And I think that I was singin'
Some old time-worn lover's lines,
When my 'tention was attracted
To the sighin' of the pines.

* * * *

We had been out to the church yard
And had laid her down to rest,
And with her I seemed to bury,
All the hopes in this here breast ;
And I sighed as I walked homeward,
Wonderin' how the sun could shine—
But my saddest sigh was answered
By the sighin' of the pines.

In the after years that's followed,
When I've grumbled 'bout the times,
All my little growl is drowned
By the grumblin' of the pines.
So I've noticed all my lifetime,
If I'm gay or if I'm sad,
That the pine trees are the truest
Friends that I have ever had.

Q. B. NEWMAN.

Soliloquy of a Gun.



WHEN my eyes first opened, I was in the hands of a man in blue overalls. He tested me in every conceivable way, and put a little mark on my barrel as proof that I was all right. I was then placed in a case with a lot of guns just like myself, and stored away in the salesroom. There I re-

mained for several years, and was beginning to think that I would never see daylight again, when one day my friends and myself were terribly shaken up and finally landed in the dray wagon.

"What can be the meaning of this?" I asked my nearest companion. "Perhap the establishment is afire."

"No," said he, "I think we are to go somewhere on business. I heard the clerk say that he had orders to ship several hundred of us to Clemson College. And what is troubling me most is where on the face of the earth is Clemson College, and what do they intend to do with us there?"

"Perhaps there's a mutiny on board, or if it's in the South, it is very likely an election fuss or lynching," I suggested on the way to the depot. Being unable to learn any further particulars concerning our destination, we settled ourselves comfortably and went to sleep.

When I awoke we were being taken out of the car and tumbled into a wagon. "Heaven protect us," I cried, when I saw that we were being carried about by convicts. We thought it outrageous that we should be sent into such company as this; and we became downcast when we thought of what the future held for us.

"This is the home of John C. Calhoun," said my friend on the right, as we neared the end of our journey. "He was the fellow whose doctrines concerning States' Rights got so many of us in hot water from 1860-65." We were guessing at our new duties, when we were taken out of the wagon and carried down a flight of steps, and into a large brick building. We were unpacked, rubbed up, and placed in racks along the walls. Here we remained until the following week, when a crowd of boys, without knocking, came swarming in upon us.

Tears come into my eyes when I think of that day, for it was the beginning of trouble for us. When I look at myself and companions, I cry out, "How are the mighty fallen!" We had all been wishing to get into a campaign and see active service; but if field service is any harder than being detailed to a military school, I, for one, am content with my humbler scars. "Just look at me," said one of my companions the other day. "I am one mass of scars from my head to my foot. I look as though I were fifty years old, and am so nervous that I cannot stand cocked. And besides, look at the rust, not to mention the dust that almost deprives me of my sight."

"You must not look at it in that light," I replied. "You might have been down in the Cuban swamps torn to pieces or weakened with fever."

Well, the crowd of boys were a corps of cadets, and each of them returned to his room, carrying one of us on his shoulder, and deposited us in racks where we have been, off and on, ever since. According to regulations, the three of us were placed just inside the door, and of course a great many things that happen in barracks are known to us. We nearly split our sides laughing sometimes when the officer of the day or the major inspects. One night the O. D. was inspecting and a junior was visiting our room. Our locker used to have a door, but it doesn't any more—never mind why—and a curtain, reaching to within five inches of the floor, was hung across the opening. A gentle knock came from the door and the junior tumbled into the locker and pulled the curtain across in front of him. The O. D. entered, and seeing a smile on all our faces, knew that he was being "worked." He became quite vexed and determined to report something for spite. The curtain hid all of the junior except his rusty shoes, and seeing these in the locker, the O. D. pounced down upon them. I knew that he had no authority for his action, and this, together with his not knowing that the junior was in the shoes, so tickled me that I went off at half-cock and exploded a blank cartridge that one of the boys had left in my chamber. The O. D., standing with his back to me, was so frightened that he fell head first into the locker, colliding with the junior, and frightening him almost out of his wits. When quiet was restored an armistice was declared and all parties agreed to let the matter rest where it was. So the report of that cartridge is still one of the many unexplainable mysteries.

Not many nights later, it was whispered that the president was inspecting trunks, but we did not believe it until we heard a knock on the opposite side of the hall. One of the boys had a revolver and almost knocked us senseless in his haste to hide it in a hole in the wall near us. My companion on the right, when he had partly recovered his breath, gasped, "What was that they put into that hole?" "A son of a gun," I answered, with a twinkle of the eye. When No. 3 told him what it was, he tickled himself in the side to get a good laugh.

I thought surely some of us would get to go hunting Thanksgiving day, for I have heard the boys talking about yellow-hammers, mocking-birds and duck ever since session began. And lately I hear a great deal about pots and kettles. Perhaps we will get to camp out this summer. I hope so; that would be quite a relief to some of us.

That textile school is a good thing. I have been thinking for some time that the boys were wasting too many of Professor B.'s wire nails for suspender buttons, and now they will have to make their thread and sew the buttons on. It is a good idea to cut off this unnecessary expense, and I believe there will be enough saved in these nails to more than pay the cost of the school and machinery.

This refrigerator, or whatever you call it, that they say warms the room up when it gets hot, gives us considerable trouble. It is always trying to pick a fuss. Just the other evening we came in from battalion drill perspiring all over from exercise, and that thing sat over in the corner cold as a cucumber, and tried to guy us.

A brand new sergeant was visiting our room one night when the major began inspecting the hall. He could not leave, and so desperate was he in trying to find a hiding-place that the perspiration stood out on his face in large drops. Hearing a knock pretty close in the hall, he dived under a double cot, and was nearly under when two of the boys caught him, one by each foot. All three were kicking and raising a dust, when a knock came from the door. Instantly all holds were let go, and the sergeant jerked himself into a knot and held his breath, while the other boys scuffled to attention. Everything would have passed off nicely, but the sergeant, in changing his position under the cots, knocked the front legs from under the bottom cot, and the whole thing came down upon him. Of course he had to come out, and was reported.

Some of the boys have a habit, when they get tired drilling double-time, to select a grassy spot and fall down. One tried this the other evening, but missed his footing and fell in a rock drain. Somehow his poor gun became tangled up and fell across the back of his head, bending the barrel of the poor thing terribly. Of course the gun is disabled, for if you should fire it, the load would injure some innocent person around a corner.

Well, I am afraid our stay here is drawing to a close, for I haven't ears if this talk about cannon doesn't mean that they are going to change the corps to the artillery, and hardly a day passes that I do not hear of several boys being horsed.

Well, I have many things to tell but I think I had better hush, for you know as well as I do what that periodical knock coming nearer and nearer up the hall means. A knock-----!

E. M. M.

A Drama of Youth.

I.

Time vacation. Scene the country.
Enter youth and maiden fair.
Add to this an August sunset,
Raven locks and auburn hair.
He, with figure slight but stalwart,
Clad in old Confederate gray,
Chevroned sleeves and shining buttons,
Classic face half turned away,
With a stormy, dark expression,
With an angry, throbbing breast,
From the spot where sits his sweetheart;
They have quarreled—guess the rest.

II.

Shift the scene. 'Tis now November.
See the soldier students all
Dressed in line with eyes straight forward,
Hear the stirring bugle-call;
Here again we see hero,
But his thoughts are not the same;
Summer's gone, now sterner duties
All his time and talents claim.

III.

Then once more back to the country,
Woods are tinged with brown and gold.
Same sweet maid, but now another
Holds her hand. Our story's told.

W. F. W.

If Bill Nye Had Visited Clemson.



HAVE often wondered why it was that Bill Nye, who spent the latter part of his life at Asheville, N. C., only a few hundred miles from here, never paid a visit to the old historic ground, now the site of Clemson College. Certainly the changes which the past decade has witnessed at Fort Hill, would have furnished this humorist with ample material for the production of one of those "Letters" to the New York World, which served to make his reputation as a wit unquestionable. Had he visited the College, I imagine his letter would read somewhat as follows:

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Septober the onest.

Along toward morning, 189-.

One bright summer morning I determined to pay a flying visit to Clemson College and observe the way it is managed, as a combination Agricultural-Mechanical-Educational-Military Institute, so I threw a few changes of socks in my grip and started out for the station. I always make it a custom to carry as little personal valuables as possible when undertaking this sort of a trip, and realizing how taking a set of boys I was to come in contact with, I left all my jewels behind, and carried no personal property but an overworked constitution and a strong love of truth, together with a shawl strap full of suggestions to distribute among the faculty and other deserving persons. Arriving at the depot I had no sooner placed my little trivial two-gallon valise on a seat than a big man with a red moustache came up and hissed into my ear, "Take yer baggage off the seat!" I cannot understand why I shall always be regarded with suspicion wherever I go. I do not present the appearance of a man steeped to the neck in crime. Yet it is so everywhere. I apologized for disturbing the ticket agent long enough for him to sell me a ticket to Clemson and he tried to jump through the little brass wicket and throttle me. Other men rush in and cry "Give me a ticket to Philadelphia, and be damn sudden about it too!" and they get their tickets and go aboard the car and get the best seats, while I am begging for the opportunity to buy a ticket at full rates and then ride in the woodbox. But at last I got it and boarded the train.

Arriving at Clemson about 3:30 P. X., I was directed to the President's office, where I might obtain a pass to enter the barracks and explore its varied contents. This pass is a safeguard wisely adopted by the trustees last July, in order to keep out typhoid bacilli, and strangers who might get in under the pretext of wishing to view the barracks and afterwards attack the armory and

attempt to masticate the government rifles. I was much relieved upon finding that my reputation has acted as my advance agent, and it was not necessary for me to be identified to obtain the pass. I remembered a previous attempt at identification in Chicago when I tried to deposit a small sum in the National bank. The teller told me I had to be identified. I was dumfounded with dumfoundation! "Suppose," I said to the teller, "Suppose I get myself identified by a man I know, and a man you know, and a man who can leave his business long enough to come here for the desirous joy of proving that I am myself and the person I claim to be, corresponding as to description, age, sex, etc., with the man I advertise myself to be, how does that refer to my deposit?" "Oh, you have to be identified," he said carelessly. "All right, do you know Queen Victoria?" "No sir, I do not," he replied. "Well, there is no use in disturbing *her*. Do you know any of the crowned heads?" "No sir." "That's it, you see! I move in one set, and you in another. What respectable people do you know?" I then drew from my pocket a copy of the Sunday World which contained a voluptuous picture of myself. Removing my hat and making a court salaam by letting out four additional joints of my lithe and versatile limbs, I asked if any further identification be necessary. He admitted that was satisfactory. But I am digressing.

I obtained the pass from the President and was escorted by a youth surrounded by a belt and bayonet-scabbard chocked full of bayonet, to the barracks. I enquired, in a friendly manner, where was the gun that belonged with the bayonet. He replied that he was only an orderly and merely wore the belt to distinguish himself from the rabble. I was shown into a room and introduced to the O. D. He seemed to be a very talkative fellow. He had a broad sweep of skull and a vague yearning for something more tangible—to drink. He showed me a seat and talked with me long after he really had anything to say. He seemed to be one of those web-perfecting talkers—the kind that can be fed with raw-Roman punch and turn out punctuated talk in links, like varnished sausages. Being a poor talker myself, and rather more fluent as a listener, I did not interrupt him, but let him discourse at length on the College. He said sadly, that things were not as they used to be. The discipline was very severe he said as he breathed a sigh that percolated my "bussum" and killed a caterpillar on the wall. He then escorted me around the barracks to show me the guard-duty. I saw a youth promenading up and down each hall with a Springfield rifle and a dejected expression. These rifles are breech-loaders of course. They are a great improvement on the old style gun, making warfare a constant source of delirious joy. The breeches may be removed during a fight, and replaced when visitors come in to see them. Their great advantage over the old muzzle-loaders is that they give less pain to their friends and squirt more gloom into the ranks of the enemy.

To my mind the old muzzle-loaders were as useful for purposes of defense as a revolver in the bottom of a locked up bureau drawer, the key of which is in the pocket of your wife's dress, in a dark closet, wherein also the burglar is for the once concealed.

These sentinels walk up and down their respective posts, and although there are no cartridges in their boxes, and they would not know how to use them if there were, yet they serve as ample defence against a sudden surprise on the corps. I was introduced to several special friends of my escort. One of these festive seniors said he had read some of my pieces and found them excellent cures for insomnia. This fellow had just a faint suspicion of eye-brows under his nose, which the cruel rules of the College kept shaven and shorn. He also was the possessor of two feet that were *feet*. No microscope was necessary to discover their existence. I imagine that when he went into a store to buy shoes he just asked for coffins for twins. His name was Demosthenes Jones. The last name did sound slightly familiar to my ear, but I would not want his first name for fear of catching a cold in it.

After leaving this quarter I entered the mess-hall. It is large and airy, and electric fans are employed to keep the flies at a respectful distance while electric lights enable the students to find the way to their mouths and deposit their food with a dull thud. The cadets feed without restraint or finger-bowls. One youth I noticed particularly, as he seemed to realize the fleetness of life. He first attacked the gory, yet toothsome, steak that grows on the back of a twenty-one year old bull's neck, and cutting it into large rectangular hunks, pushed it back behind his glottis with a knife, after which he drew in a saucerful of coffee with a loud and violent ways-and-means-committee report which reminded me of the noise made by an unwearied cyclone trying to suck a cistern dry.

I next visited the farm. On my way there I came across a few convicts in their gay attire, removing the superfluous grass from around the plants. As I passed, one became somewhat impolite to his co-worker, who, taking offense, measured the length of his arm in the direction of his opponent's face, leaving him with a battle of Gettysburg under each eye and a nose like a volcanic eruption. The "poor trash" in charge immediately advanced and administered a rebuke which will probably make him more deliberate about sitting down, for a week or two.

Winter wheat, crocusses and indefinite postponements were never in a more thrifty condition, and the crops seem to be looking well. I was informed that I might purchase a dozen or more Shanghai egg-plants to set under an ordinary domestic hen, for a small remuneration, but I declined to accept the honor.

I next visited the barn. Here I saw quite a number of cows with fancy

cognomens and tails worn pompon, especially at the ends. They seemed extremely versatile and ambidextrous. In fact the life of a cow in this part of the South is indeed fraught with various changes, and saturated with a zeal which is praiseworthy in the extreme. From the sunny days when she gambols through the valleys inserting her black retrouse and perspiration dotted nose in the grass, from ear to ear until at life's close when every part and portion of her over-worked system is turned into food, raiment and overcoat buttons, the life of a cow is one of intense activity. Her girlhood is short, and almost before we have deemed her emancipated from calf-hood we find her in the capacity of a mother. With the cares of maternity upon her, other demands are quickly made, and she is obliged to ostracise herself from society and enter into the prosaic details of producing small pallid globules of butter. Then she suddenly suspends publication and returns to the pasture. This information is all correct, as I have a cow of my own and have observed its habits. She has favored me with two calves already, one of which I intend to keep, and will sell the other as soon as it gets ripe. I cannot refrain from mentioning a cow incident which happened to me a few months ago. I have a neighbor who wanted a cow very much, and every night he would pray to the Lord for a jersey cow, but all his praying failed to bring him one. At last he came over to me and asked me if I believed in the power of prayer. I said "yes." He then inquired if I thought my praying for a cow would bring me one. I said, "Yes, I believe every bit of it." He said, "Well, then, suppose you give me the cow you've got, and pray for another one!"

However, to return to Clemson observations. I returned to the college and on my way observed that the land was about as undulating as in Asheville. The farms get up and hump themselves in the middle or at one end, so that you have to wear a pair of telegraph pole climbers when you dig potatoes. Here let me close. The entire corps of cadets deserve honorable mention for coolness and heroic endurance during my visit.

Yours as here 2 4,

BILL NYE.

The writer acknowledges several expressions as personal property of Bill Nye, and will return same to owner.

W. L. M.



The Algebra of Love.



In Algebra the student learns
The value of a letter,
He learns to transpose complex terms
To places that are better.
He learns that X and Y and Z
Stand for the unknown numbers,
And seeks to place the value where
No other term encumbers.

In love the student seeks to learn
The value of expression,
He seeks to read the thoughts of her
Whose eyes denote dejection,
He learns that sighs and glances sweet
Stand for an unknown feeling,
He seeks to know how Cupid's creed
Comes slowly o'er her stealing.

If love like algebra did have
An answer-book completed,
Then lovers soon would wed their choice,
And courtship be defeated.

— W. L. M.

The Break of Day.

Slow falls the night; its dark'ning pall
Lingers, then settles over all;
And, wrapped in silence for awhile,
The world lies dormant till the smile
Of morning's sun turns black to gray,
And that, in turn, to resplendent day.

I like to think of that other night
Which seems to fall on the soul to blight
Its brightest hopes, as a night that lies
On the soul, till the light of Paradise
Sends through the dark a glimmering ray,
And death's night turns to ethereal day.

—Q. B. N.

Clemsonian Silhouettes Number Two.

HIS TATOOED ARM.

CADET Alex Mercer might well be described by quoting Hamlet's remark to his friend Horatio: "He was a man, take him for all in all; I shall not look upon his like again." Tall, muscular and symmetrical in form, with a brain equally as well developed, Cadet Mercer had by his continual manifestation of common sense and judgment, made for himself a place in the heart of every student of Clemson College, and he was respected and admired by every one with whom he came in contact.

There is a world of meaning in the expressive word, "popular," and few boys realize the wonderful scope of the term. To be a universal favorite at college is as admirable as it is impossible. Every student who exhibits any degree of talent in some special line of work, whether it be literary or practical, has always at his heels a certain contingent who glory in their pitiful positions as hangers-on, yet feel an unbounded admiration for their manly ideal, resembled solely by the worship of a Lilliputian for a Titan.

The youth who springs into prominence by some sudden and unlooked for literary effort, be it in his society hall, or on the public rostrum, never fails to attract to his side a number of intellectual nonentities, as does the subtle flame draw toward its halo of light the weak and unsuspecting moth. And on the other hand the skillful manipulator of the tool or instrument, who with unerring eye, gives to the undesigned block of wood or steel a form and figure, required by his instructor, produces among his circle of admirers an admiration as genuine as if he had become a poet, and "given to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." Even the studious book-worm, who by unremitting application to his text books succeeds in memorizing his recitations parrot-like, with the sole and constant aim of "making tens"—nothing more, and by this process is endowed with the questionable honor of section-marcher—even he will have a few block-heads following in his wake, who with one accord will sing the praises of their god-head, and then, for lack of something more inspiring, will cavil among themselves as to which is the greatest moral misfit.

So, many students enjoy one of these distinctions, but it is very seldom that we find the exception—one who is in himself a combination of these widely differing branches of talent. Cadet Mercer was the exception, and because of his varying forms of excellence did he occupy that enviable position, the most popular of cadets. He was appealed to in literary circles and furnished his society and his friends valuable suggestions in these matters. Whenever a public entertainment was to be given, Mercer was the first man chosen by his society to represent them in the battle of the intellectual giants, and he usually

came forth from the contest crowned with the victor's wreath. When the season of athletics was at hand, "Mercer" was the magic name that created enthusiastic interest in foot-ball, base-ball and gymnastics, and he occupied his position of an all-round college man with dignity and simplicity.

Not only was Mercer the leader in college work, but also in college amusements. Being a jovial, light-hearted youth, he soon took the leadership in all social entertainments, and no dance was a success without his presence to invigorate and enliven the programme.

So, through his Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years, Mercer was blessed with college favoritism, and to the casual observer no shadow seemed to mar the sunlight of his youth. True, no one knew whence he came, who his parents were, nor how he paid his way through college, but these are matters of little importance to the average student.

At college an admirable democracy exists. It matters little whether a man comes from a family of highest social distinction, or from the humble tiller of the soil; whether his father has the "rocks" literally or figuratively, but it does matter how that man conducts himself, how he thinks, speaks and acts, as to whether or not he will receive the respect and admiration of his fellow-students and professors.

So bright and admirable were the prospects of Cadet Mercer that I pause before recording the terrible misfortune which overtook him in his senior year, and which served as an excellent illustration of the wonderful power, yea the dangerous power, of college sentiment when once aroused. Alas! that such should be able to control the destiny of so large a number of aspiring youths.

March's winds had died away with the accompanying sad moaning, and April, with its delicate showers and glorious sunshine, was at hand to brighten the thoughts and enliven the spirits of the college students. On a typical spring afternoon, when one could look up to the clear blue sky overhead, and draw in a full breath of fragrant atmosphere with a delicious feeling of enjoyment and a silently muttered "Thank God!"—on just such an evening as the artist weakly attempts to portray on canvas, yet fails in coloring and in form, under these conditions, I say, did Alex Mercer receive the blow to his life's success, and feel the sting of public admonition.

The day was Sunday; time, near sunset; place, the barracks gangway. On the platform stood a group of students laughing with one another, and every now and then branching off to some more serious subject of conversation which might suggest itself. They were awaiting the arrival of the mail carrier with his characteristic cry of "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" and in their idleness, looking about for some fit subject for a joke, when suddenly from the direction of the Calhoun mansion came an old decrepit mulatto woman, leaning on a hickory stick and muttering to herself as is the custom of the aged.

Here was an excellent subject for a little fun and amusement, thought the careless boys. Owing to Clemson's exclusive position, so far from the railroads and cities, it seldom happened that a passing wayfarer visited its borders, so the boys determined to take advantage of this opportunity.

"Hello, old woman," cried one of the boys, as the negro slowly approached the gangway, "how does your coperosity agitate this beautiful evening?" She looks like a living tombstone," added the speaker in *sotto voce*.

"Evenin' sonny," she muttered, "evenin' to youse all. You is a fine lookin' set o' boys, for shore."

"Yes, quite handsome," replied the original speaker, "but where are you going, old lady, and what'll you do when you get there?"

"Now, honey, don't yinner joke wid a poor ol' nigger. I aint been no whar 'cept to beg de buckra up in dat white house up thar for a little somethin' to he'p me along. I's on my way to Calhoun station now, yes I is," and she gave a weak smile as she moved off.

"Hey, there, don't rush off in the heat of the day. Come and give us a story. You look as if you might know some old war story."

"He! he! you gents am sho' good guessers. Yes, I is a relic ob slavery, but Lord, I don't feel like tellin' no story today, 'thout I was full up wif vittles."

"Oh, we'll fix that all o. k. Orderly, run down and tell Shilletter to send up some bread and bull for an old woman, and say, if you can get any cow-juice, bring that along too; it will limber her up."

"Go ahead with a story now, granny," said one of the boys.

"Oh, mercy! I don't know no story—but I'll tell yinner about myself—jes a few words, as time is gettin' short."

"Go ahead then," they all cried as they perched themselves on the banisters in eager expectation. The old mulatto squatted on the edge of the grassy decline and began:

"I's been wanderin' about for a long time, honeys, and my reason for dis is what I gwine to tell you 'bout. Some tree year ago, my son,—a great, fine, gentlemanly feller—ran away from his mammy because he wanted to see de worl'. He was as good lookin' a chap as ever you seen, jes as white as a buckra too, and straight, black hair, and eyes dat jes looked trou' you, yes, dey did, but bless de Lord, he run away, and I's been lookin' around in dis section of de country for him eber since, but my time is almos' come when I'll be laid in de grabe, an' all I prays is dat I'll see my son 'fore I dies."

Here she was interrupted by one of the boys calling out to a passing cadet: "Say there, Mercer, come over this way and enjoy the fun. Here's a typical specimen of the fossil antique."

Mercer, who was returning from the Library with a book, crossed over and entered the crowd. "Go ahead, now," said a boy, and the woman opened her

mouth to begin the next sentence, when, glancing up at Mercer, she stopped short, and springing to her feet, stretched forth her bony arms toward him, exclaiming in a trembling voice: "Sonny! sonny! Don't you know your old mammy?"

The words were astounding! Every boy turned toward Mercer with astonishment in their faces. Mercer himself had as mystified an expression as the rest, and his eyes travelled from the woman to the boys and back again in greatest surprise. For a full minute not a word was uttered. Then the old mulatto broke forth again, her voice shaking and her body trembling as with the ague.

"My own boy! Come to your old mammy. I's been lookin' for you all this time and at last I's found you. Come to me, my only baby boy."

Then the silence was broken by Mercer. "Old woman," he exclaimed, his face turning a dusky red, "I never saw you before! What the devil are you talking about, calling me 'sonny'?"

"What? you don't know your ol' mammy? My child I nussed since you was born. Oh, Lordy! Oh, Lordy! what shall I do?"

"Boys," said Mercer, with curling lip and flashing eye, "if this is a practical joke you're playing on me you'll regret it. As for you," turning to the negro, "you better hunt your lost son among your own race," and turning on his heel he started for the door, when a cry of distress pierced his ears and he looked around to see the woman on her knees, weeping bitterly.

"He won't know me, now he's with white folks. Oh, my Lord, what will I do?"

"We'd better send her to the lunatic asylum, boys, that's where she belongs," said Mercer as he walked away.

"Stop!" cried the woman, rising to her feet and wiping away her tears with the corner of her dress, "I'll prove it to you, sonny! I'll prove it! Den I'll leab him wif you and go away to die, for he's disowned his own mammy, and she don't want him now." The boys stood confounded; they did not know whether to laugh or to cry, it was such a peculiar condition of affairs.

The poor woman seemed choked with emotion.

"The tatoo!" she cried, "The tatoo! I'll prove it with the tatoo! Take off your coat, you reprobate, take off your coat, an' see ain't your lef' arm tatooed with a bird's wing. Dat'll show if I'm a lunatic or not! Dat'll prove it!"

At this revelation all the boys turned to Mercer, expecting him to act at once, and prove the woman crazy. But Mercer only stood firm, and though his cheeks blanched, he coldly remarked: "I'll do no such thing. If after all you boys know of me, you won't believe me now, then I'll not try to convince you."

"Off with his coat!" cried one of the boys, at last suspicious of Mercer, "that'll prove it."

"Off with his coat," echoed others, and the sentiment spread among the boys. Mercer's coat was quickly removed by force and his shirt sleeve rolled up above his elbow. No tatoo was visible, and the boys were about to turn on the mulatto in rage when she cried, "His other arm! His left arm!" Then the tatoo was discovered, and at the sight the poor mulatto, weak with excitement, swooned to the ground.

* * * *

Two days later Cadet Alex Mercer took his departure from Clemson College, expelled by popular vote of the corps—branded an imposter. College sentiment had fallen upon him with all its dangerous force, and nothing could prevent his departure.

THE SEQUEL.

It is the evening of July 25th, 18—. The country residence situated just ten miles west of Balany Court House is all astir with excitement. The front windows are all closed tightly, and a mysterious silence reigns inside, punctuated with the whisperings of busy attendants as they tip-toe back and forth from a room situated in the western wing of the building. There has been another soul introduced into this world of trouble, another birth entered on the books of the heavenly recorder, and the well-wishers of the favored parents are assembled enjoying the event.

It is a boy! a round, fat, bouncing baby boy, with "Oh! such delicious little pink hands;" and "Oh! such cute little we-we eyes;" "such a sweet lovable darling," exclaim the admiring relatives.

In the out-house poor nurse is confined, bemoaning her inability to take immediate charge of her "missuss'" new property, but at the same time feeling an inward enjoyment of a similar anticipation, for she too, good soul, is soon destined to become a mother.

* * * *

A month has passed away, and "missus" and nurse are busy together planning some method of recording the mutual blessing, for a close feeling of friendship exists between the old ex-slave and her former mistress.

At last a plan is agreed upon, one which will demonstrate their simultaneous happiness in an original manner. They will tatoo the two babies with a similar design, and thus link them together all through life, whether for Fate or for Providence. Thus do they prepare the way for future fortune or misfortune. How it affected the life of the white child the story has portrayed. The life of Mercer was changed for the worse by a peculiar birthmark, and college sentiment, with its dangerous power, was the agent which affected it.

W. L. M.

When in Doubt.

Oh faithless man ! when filled with dangerous doubt,
And wondering if there be One above,
Go thou, and stand encompassed about
By stars, and night, and natures' holy love.

Go read the lesson flashed across the sky
By lurid lightnings of a stormy night,
That God doth reign; and in the wind's wild cry
Heed thou the warning, "God is for the right."

Or seek some calm reposeful woodland part,
And lay thyself upon green nature's breast ;
Then feel the throbbings of an unknown heart
And know that this is God's heart's throbbing crest.

If with thine eyes fixed on His pledged rainbows
Thou still doth doubt His gloried life on high,
I pray thee watch the evolving rose
Or hear the rhythmic wind's contented sigh.

Stand on the heights of some great mountain peak
And gaze at the immensity about,
And from such vastness, inspiration seek
To learn the damning narrowness of doubt.

—W. L. M.



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Company B,

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Company C,

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Company E,

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COMPANY "C."

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COMPANY "E."

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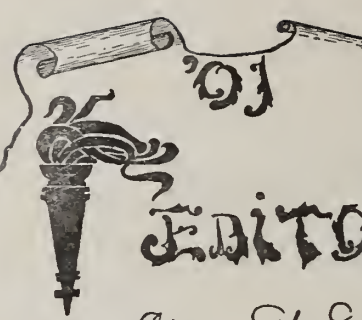
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BORN. 08.

The Old Stone Church and Its Grave Yard.

ABOUT midway between Pendleton and Clemson College—half a mile South of the road between the two places—stands “The Old Stone Church.”

On the thirteenth day of October, 1789—less than half a year after George Washington, standing on the balcony of the old city hall, on the present site of the Custom House, Wall Street, New York City, had taken the oath of office as President of our United States—“a people on Seneca” appealed to the Presbytery of South Carolina for its care and for “supplies of preaching.” The request was granted, and Reverend John Simpson, a native of New Jersey and a graduate of Princeton, was sent to preach to these people, who soon organized as a congregation and took the name of Hopewell, appearing in old records at different times as Hopewell—Keowee, Hopewell on Seneca and Hopewell Pendleton. The church took its official name from the home of General Pickens, but a few miles away, very near Cherry’s Crossing, on the Blue Ridge Railroad, where a few years before (in 1785) that old soldier “Christian and Patriot” had made with four tribes of Indians, in separate encampments, the memorable Treaty of Hopewell.

Doctor Thomas Reese and Reverend James McElhenny were early pastors. Both are buried near the church.

The first church building was of logs put up in 1791. Eleven years later this gave way to a more substantial structure of stone, since which time the name has been “Stone Meeting House” and “Old Stone Church.” “Roberson the zealous man who brought to the spot the first load of stone that was to build the church” and “John Rusk, the builder of the church, and the father of the late United States Senator from Texas” were laid to rest in the cemetery at the church.

In 1828 the church had only fifty-nine members, and by the force of circumstances and mutual consent preaching was gradually transferred to the village of Pendleton.

The grave yard by the church has recently been enclosed with a strong stone wall. Here sleep side by side General Andrew Pickens and his wife, Rebecca, who was a Calhoun, an aunt of the great statesmen. Governor Andrew Pickens, their son, is buried by his parents. Not far away are the mortal remains of Colonel F. W. Kilpatrick, a soldier of the Confederacy, who was mortally wounded in battle, fell into the arms of a friend, breathing as he expired the tender names “Mother!” “Willie!”—the latter his affianced. Here too sleeps Willie Poe, the gallant young soldier of the “cause though lost still just,” shot down as he caught the colors of his command, falling



"OLD STONE CHURCH."



GENERAL ANDREW PICKENS' GRAVE.

from the hands of a slain comrade, being the seventh or eighth to meet his death in the effort to hold up the flag of the Palmetto sharp shooters. This flag torn and blood stained is to-day in safe hands not far away.

Here rest awaiting the resurrection, the lamented young pastor, and Mr. Bride, the loved and honored missionary.

Two large pines—lately cut down—long marked the grave of Bynum, whom B. F. Perry, afterwards Governor of South Carolina killed in a duel, on an island, near Hatton's Ford, on the headwaters of the Savannah River, in the early 30's, in the stirring times of nullification. The burial was at night and in a heavy rain. Tradition tells that two pine pole handsticks used to carry the body from the wagon to the grave, were stuck up at its head and foot, and grew to the great trees already mentioned.

John Miller's grave is here. He was a printer, and was tried in London for libel in publishing the "Junius Letters." The announcement of the verdict "not guilty" provoked a shout which "reverberated from the remotest quarters of the metropolis." Miller came to Philadelphia in 1783 and our delegation in congress introduced him to locate in Charleston and become "printer to the State." Soon after he moved to Pendleton and become the pioneer newspaper man of Western Carolina. He and his brother deeded sixteen acres of land for the church and grave yard—part of a grant from Governor Guerard of six-hundred and forty acres lying on both sides of Eighteen Mile Creek and on the road from Pendleton to Fort Hill.

Two Clemson Cadets—Rembert and Martin—well remembered by the writer, are buried at the old stone church. Their graves are marked.

Kind reader, learn what you can of the story of the old stone church and its graveyard views of which are given in this work,—visit when opportunity offers the sacred spot, and feel to the full "the spell of the place."

W. S. M.





Mechanical Department.

* Abstracted from a description written by Prof. Boehm for the National Engineering Congress, held in connection with the Paris Exposition.

THE mechanical department of Clemson College offers instruction in engineering and mechanic arts, and comprehends the divisions of mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, physics, drawing, machine shop, wood shop, forge shop and foundry.

The department is comfortably housed in three substantial brick structures, designated respectively as "Mechanical Hall," "Junior Electrical Instrument Laboratory," and "Senior Dynamo Laboratory." Mechanical Hall covers about 30,000 square feet of floor space. On its first floor are the power and light plant, machine shop, forge shop, foundry and mechanical engineering laboratory. On its second floor are the woodshop, junior and senior lecture rooms and technical reading room. The third floor of Mechanical Hall is occupied entirely by the free hand and mechanical drawing rooms. The Junior Electrical Instrument Laboratory is built at some distance away and contains no magnetic material in its permanent construction. Its apparatus is especially arranged for the study of delicate electrical phenomena. The Senior Dynamo Laboratory contains, besides the laboratory proper, a lecture room and a dark room for X-ray work. These three buildings with their equipment cost about \$75,000.00. The physical laboratory and lecture room is, for lack of other suitable space, contained in the agricultural building.

The object of the work in the mechanical department is to give to young men who have already received the equivalent of a good high-school education, as broad an engineering education as four years of systematic training will permit. We believe that every engineer should have a broad general education, coupled with a thorough technical education and that he should receive special and expert training along the particular lines of his chosen profession. He should have an intimate knowledge of shop practice and of manufacturing process. He should be a good draftsman, an expert mathematician and scientist, and a good business man. He should know enough of mercantile law to draw up a legal contract or write a clear specification for engineering works of magnitude. Above all he should be a man of culture and integrity of character, capable of mingling with men of wealth and of advising them as to proposed investments in manufacturing or engineering enterprises.

THE COURSE AT CLEMSON: Young men enter the college classes at an average age of 16 to 17 years, after having graduated at some good high school, preparatory school, or our own fitting school. The course of instruction covers a period of four years. The first or freshman year is devoted almost entirely to general studies common to all or most of the special courses offered

in the college. Some technical work is done in the mechanical department during this year, but students receive their general instruction in the literary and other departments of the college. At the beginning of the second, or sophomore year, the student chooses between the agricultural course on the one hand, and the textile and mechanical courses on the other. If he chooses the mechanical course he may at the beginning of the third or junior year specialize further in either electrical engineering or civil engineering, but not both. From this it will be understood that the mechanical course is either a mechanical-electrical course or a mechanical-civil course.

The daily work of the student is divided equally between "theoretical work" and "practical work," the latter embracing drawing, shop work, chemical, physical, mechanical and electrical laboratory work, and civil engineering field work; the former, pure and applied mathematics, chemistry, physics, mechanics, general science, literature, etc., and the special training in his chosen profession as mechanical and electrical engineering, or mechanical and civil engineering.





MAIN BUILDING.



MECHANICAL HALL AND ELECTRICAL LABORATORIES.



MECHANICAL LABORATORY.



VIEW IN DYNAMO LABORATORY.



MACHINE SHOP.



VIEW IN TEXTILE BUILDING.

VIEW IN TEXTILE BUILDING.





VIEW IN CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

Textile Department.

WITHIN recent years the manufacture of textiles has become one of the leading industries of the South. Mills have sprung up as if by magic all over the Southland, and especially in South Carolina, where we now find a greater number of spindles than in 1880 was to be found in the entire South. This increase in the industry necessitated diversification of manufactured products, and consequently demanded a diversified knowledge on the part of the managers of textile plants. The establishment and maintenance of textile schools will supply this knowledge; the Textile Department of this college was therefore established.

This department was established in 1898 at the cost of \$15,000 taken out of the general funds of the college. It is the youngest department of the college, the first school of its kind in the South, and the third in the United States.

The building is a three story brick structure of a standard cotton mill type. In 1900 it was found imperative to enlarge the building in order to accommodate additional machinery which was to be installed, and also to make room for a dye plant. At present the building and equipments are valued at about \$45,000.

This department offers a thorough course in technical knowledge and practical training as applied to the cotton industry. In addition, the course comprises such literary education and culture as is also given in the other departments of the college. The purpose of the course is to give students, not only special knowledge of textile subjects, but also the advantage of a good general education.

One of the most important features of the work in the Textile Department is the system of individual instruction. The machinery used in cotton manufacturing is, in many instances, so complicated that a mere theoretical knowledge of the principles according to which it is run, is insufficient. To understand one of these machines one must operate it. In other words, practical training as well as theoretical knowledge is absolutely essential. Now in order that each student may become familiar with each machine, the class is divided into small sections which are set to work on different kinds of machines. While one of these sections is at work with a given piece of apparatus, an instructor is present to explain the details of its working parts, and to show how it is possible to vary the character of its products. But the system of individual instruction does not stop with its application to machinery; it is the dominant factor in designing, cloth analysis, dyeing, and all other operations connected with the work. Thus it will be seen that the student is

shown the application of theory, and learns how to put into practice what he has been taught in the recitation room.

In the early days of the development of manufactures in the United States the processes were simple, and practical men without education achieved the greatest success. Every man who could was proud to boast of being a self-made man. But as manufacturing interests developed, plants and operations became more complicated, and increasing complications began to demand knowledge as well as skill. Then there came a period in which the technical graduate without practical training, and the practical man without education, each equally handicapped, controverted to each other's merits, while each was doing his best to promote the manufacturing interest of his country.

Now all this is changed; the man having both practical and technical education has excelled all others. A proper system of textile education will bring the manufacture of cotton and other fibres into the same advantageous position as has been reached by other manufacturing industries. In cotton producing states especially, this subject is of vital importance.

By manufacturing our raw cotton, which has heretofore been sold for a few cents per pound, into articles stamped with the significant words, "Made in America," and sold throughout the markets of the world as the best that science and skill can produce, there will be brought into the South almost incredibly large sums of money as compared with those received for the raw material. This great change can be brought about only by men who have both a scientific and practical knowledge of the textile industry.





BOTANICAL LABORATORY.



VETERINARY HOSPITAL.



CATTLE SCORING



VIEW IN GREEN HOUSE.

Agricultural Clemson.

Early Education.—Standing upon the entrance stairs of the twentieth century, under the inspiring influence of a modern institution, it is not unnatural for us to pause and think, comparatively, of the present periods to others. There are three things that people are prone to think of—Present, Past and Future. Now, our originality in the last observation, is entirely innocent, being suggested by the following :

Visit to Clemson.—Stooped in meditation, paying little attention to the strolling groups that were passing him, but himself rather an object of curiosity, stood an old farmer upon the steps leading in the front way of Clemson's main building, during commencement in the summer of 1899.

The picture has made an impression upon my memory that shall not soon depart ; but the lesson that fell from his uncultured lips, shall last, even more indelibly upon my recollection.

It suggested itself to my mind that there was a grain of fun there, if one might extract from him an expression of his opinion under the circumstances of his present environments. So in the guise of a sympathizing welcome, I approached, and after the politest manner in which I could greet him, we sat down upon the steps—I suggested it.

Well, I began, "what do you think of it? the college and the boys and everything you see around here, I mean."

Story of 70 Years.—"You're lots more fortunate than me and yer dady was, my boy, lots more. I was jist standin here, lookin at all these fine advantages, and sich a fine lot o' boys, and I was jist a thinkin how it used to be." At this point, he pulled his tobacco out, and handing it over said : "Do you ever chaw? Smoke neither? Well it's a mighty blessing that Clemson larns all you chaps not to use tobacar." And biting off a chew, he resumed his conversation with somewhat brighter spirit.

Who Was Educated.—"As I said, its mighty different now and when I was a boy. All the larnin then was in the big families—as we used to call em, ristöcrats. They was all you ever heard of thinkin of gwine to the college. And I tell yer, my boy, some of em had great minds, and all of em had larnin. But I tell yer we believed in them, too, and always lected em to fill the offices. All the big preachers, and lawyers, and doctors, was ristöcrats."

A glance over our history until about thirty-five years ago, will certainly reveal that the leadership and the ruling power, was in the hands of the more fortunate few of the American people, probably best known as the Colonial Aristocracy.

"But there is a mighty difference now—mighty few sich men as them

great fellers. Most of em gone, and their children have not follered in their foot-steps."

There was mighty few people them days had a chance at schoolin, mighty few, but now most all of us can send a little. Then ther's so many colleges now-a-days, more than used to be old field schools. Sich wonderful structures as this, and don't take much to come here, they say. Lots more boys will have a chance now, the'll make good men too, the'r poor some of em, but I tell you some awful good people mongst the poor.

See all these boys? Some of em come from hard work, but the'll be credit to th'r parents yet, who'l be mighty proud of em.

I've been here a good long time, can remember back for seventy years right well, and I know, and I tell you ther's all the difference now and then, all in the world.

Conditions of the Poor.—The poor people always wanted to send the'r children to school, but it was no use, we had poor chances, and never did get what we wanted. We use to meet and talk it over but it was no use.

They was some schools in the low country, around Charleston, and some other places down there, and there was one over here in Abbeville, and one in the East parts somewhere, but only the better off got to 'em. All our plans failed 'til jest fore de ware, and it began to change, it's been gettin better ever since, but mighty slow.

The Commencement Speeches.—Now we have Clemson. It's a big sight to me, but I'm in favor of, for I heard them boys talkin this mornin and I know what they'r thinkin about. I love to look at em too, and hear em speak of lectricity, they say thats gittin to be mighty useful, and beats steam—it must be wonderful, aint it?

Then one of em spoke about work, and givin honor to labor, and about our trees, that's been wasted, and talked about the land, and stock, and things that we got to have, and about good roads—and I tell you we need em. I like to see things sich as you'r doing her, go on. The boys work, black and greasy, like ther's livin in it, well as larnin.

People use to be above sich things when they had a schoolin. I've one boy not too old to larn yit, and I wish I could git him here, but he aint never been to school much, and then I don't reckon I'm able to git his uniform, guess I wont ever git him here, but I'm in favor of Clemson, and want them that can, to send their boys here, until our land is full of em—It'll be better for us."

The Lesson.—I did not get the fun I was looking for, but I'd rather have what I did get than fun from the old farmer. For the old patriarch of three-quarters of a century was not far amiss in the interpretation of his

country's history of culture and education. And I've loved Clemson better since and had a keener appreciation of its meaning.

For the first hundred years of the Republic, the great masses of the people did not enjoy any of the great opportunities of life; and only by incessant struggles and assertions of their right to be morally and socially developed, are they in the possession of their present advantages.

Go read the list of college men, up to 1845, and it is like the roll call of royalty. Look it over and notice the signatures and names, and it is like glancing through the autograph album of aristocracy.

Yet the country's history shows that attempt after attempt, of the common people to secure popular education failed, until about the middle of the century.

As the old man observed, also, there is another purpose now in education to what there was then. Culture is no more a *certain title*, to position of ease, honor, and emolument, and there is no such thing as a placid, passive acceptance of position without effort, but it is reached by being the strongest in the clash of competition.

Education Now is no more a mere field of abstract speculation, but to that is added also *demonstration*. It is still true that there is an inner man that must be elevated and taught the eternal right in rectitude of character and social morality; but there is also a being that must exist. The great idea is the first part of the great result, but it is not the result—it is the alpha, but not the end, and can be nothing without the material application.

There are three sources of existence—begging, stealing, working. And that education that neglects to equip a man to make a living, and makes it no part of its plans, is peculiarly adapted to the use of souls of the dead, but useless to living man.

Thought and Action.—Scientific demonstrations of natural truths, linked to industrial progress and economy, with increasing regard for social morality, and orderly citizenship, are embodiments of the principles of education, such as are taught to the *Agricultural* students at Clemson College.

Thought, not abstract idealism, but the creation of the brain of man, in the shop of material demonstration, is the modern idea of training the mind.

Utility is the object in view for the education that Clemson gives.

Agriculture up to 1850.—Looking back over a period, even within memory of some of the older inhabitants, we note a period of unbroken progress in agriculture, yet if we examine the conditions more closely, we discern a period of *decay*.

The Great Area of Forest.—There was a vast area of rich lands, covered by a luxuriant growth of large timber, and dense forest.

There were some fifteen or eighteen million acres of this forest land, and there were few settlers to this great area.

Land Cheap.—Land sold for fifty cents per acre, and was of little consideration. Surveying was done on horseback, and a hundred acres was sometimes thrown in to get a convenient line of natural objects.

Few Settlers or Planters.—The sparse population had here and there a patch, and a house on the hill, curtained in with beautiful groves.

This was the rule,—of course there were dotted over the state, mostly in the low country, some few great mansions, representing large slave holders.

Destruction of Forests.—As the population increased, or the productiveness of the cleared land lessened, more patches appeared, and as the poor land was abandoned, it was left to bake, naked in the sun, and wash away with every rain.

Cattle Grazing.—Every spring hundreds of thousands of acres were burned off and almost ruined, in order that the thousands of scrub cattle might have better grazing.

The Old Way.—Sons followed their fathers' footsteps,—they had plenty of land yet unopened, and they continued to abandon that already opened, and to fell the forest to impoverish more land, to fell more forest when that was worn out.

Indication of Prosperity: Yet so vast was that area of original forest and so rich in production that it has afforded room for the natural increase, besides a flood of foreigners, to go on in this wasteful manner for a hundred years, indicating in the national reports an undoubted and an unexampled period of progress and prosperity, which, when we look into the truth of agricultural history, was due entirely to new openings of vast areas, (13,000,000 acres annually) of fertile lands, and not at all to the intelligent, skillful, or economical management of the farm lands.

Future Agriculture: The population still grows, but the acres have been taken up. The forests of this State, the flower of the world, are wasted and gone; so it is all over the country. The soil is poor and barren and washed away.

Undaunted Hopes: Still we stand in the presence of our fathers' hundred years of destruction and waste with the greatest agricultural promise opening up before us the world ever saw. But the means thereto is a very different problem than the growth of the agricultural past.

The Guide Star: Clemson College is the hope and the harbinger of that promise. She stands as voucher for South Carolina's greatest industry, and the State appointed guardian of the honor and intelligence vouchsafed to the laborer. Ye shall toil intelligently if ye toil, and toiling ye shall be honored.

Agricultural Clemson: Through its youths is the resurrection and the life of the future farm of this State and all things connected therewith.

The Aim : It will teach boys to stay the hands of ignorant ravage and devastation. It will teach them to plant and set out the forest anew.

Analysis of Soil : It will teach him a knowledge of his soil, its deficiencies, and adaptation to plant growth, that he may not plant crops it can not produce. It will teach him how to cultivate his land properly.

Labor : It will teach him how to manage and economize labor. It will teach him the value of time, and economy in all things.

Living Plants : It will teach him how to study his plant, both from a standpoint of growth and to diagnose the diseases of plants, from which it is estimated we lose four hundred million dollars annually.

Insects : It teaches him the nature of destructive insects and fungus growths, and how to exterminate them, which is estimated costs the farmers of the United States five hundred million dollars annually.

Animal Life.—It will teach him how to select and breed domestic animals, and how to know their needs, and how to doctor their diseases.

Healthy Meats.—It will eliminate the suicidal practice of spreading contagious and all manner of diseases into the human body in unhealthy and infected meats, now slaughtered, by teaching the agriculturist to examine and slaughter only the healthy animals.

Appreciation of all Life.—It will teach him the science of life in the two life kingdoms, and the proper and economical management and appropriation of them to his own use. It teaches him to look with friendliness and kindness upon all living things.

Lordhood.—It makes him a brother to every thing in nature, but the elder brother, and heir to the throne on earth.

Reclaims Lost Lands.—He takes the washing wasted hillside, and with his terrace, builds it up to fertile vegetation; drains the low-lands in the valley, and transforms them into green meadows; makes a garden spot of the old homestead upon which for four generations his ancestors have starved out their existence. By under-draining he reclaims the low flat land of the coast, and they are the richest part of the State; while he irrigates the arid lands and makes them productive.

Good Roads.—He builds good roads, as a necessary institution to civilization, and social and commercial well being.

Home is jealously looked upon as the nucleus of moral society and orderly government, and with interest he beautifies it and makes it comfortable, healthy and happy.

His Citizenship.—He is an intelligent, moral, law-abiding citizen. Truly a strong practical man; the live realization of that "old man's hopes," not of earthly caste, but through the baptism of scientific knowledge, he is *Nature's* aristocrat—is Clemson's farmer.

Nearer to God.—He appreciates that science is the only door that opens into the field of infinite knowledge, but he also knows that beyond the greatest stride of science, is still the ruling Spirit of Omnipotent power, and he bows reverently to the "eternal reasonableness of all things."

J. S. G.

Arlohn: 02

Clemson College Athletic Association.



Prof. W. M. Riggs, President.

Col. G. Shanklin, Vice-President.

Claude Douthit, Sec. and Treas.

Athletic Council.

Prof. W. M. Riggs, Chairman.

Col. G. Shanklin,

Dr. R. N. Brackett,

W. G. Hill,

M. N. Hunter,

C. Douthit,

J. H. Woodward.

C. W. Legerton.

W. M. Wightman.

Sub Organizations.

Foot Ball Association,

Base Ball Association,

Track Association,

Tennis Association.

Foot Ball Association.

W. M. Riggs, President.

J. W. Heisman, Coach;

Claude Douthit, Captain team 1901;

W. G. Hill, Manager;

Jas. Lynah, Assistant Manager.



Base Ball Association.



W. G. Hill.....Manager.
M. M. Hunter.....Captain Team '01.

Base Ball Team 1901.

Hunter, Captain.....Second Base.
McMakin.....Pitcher.
Barksdale.....Catcher.
Hughey.....First Base.
Pearman.....Third Base.
Dingle.....Short Stop.
Chisolm.....Right Field.
Cole.....Left Field.
Bamberg.....Center Field.

Substitutes.

C. V. Sitton.

Whitney.

Maxwell.

Scores 1900 and 1901.

March 27.

Clemson 9.
Cornell University 7.

April 14.

Clemson 5.
Furman University 1.

April 27.

Clemson 0.
Wofford 6.

May 9.

Clemson 9.
S. C. M. Academy 0.

May 12.

Clemson 5.
South Carolina College 4.

April 7.

Clemson 6.
Erskine 2.

April 20.

Clemson 7.
Erskine 13.

May 7.

Clemson 12.
Charleston College 0.

May 11.

Clemson 2.
Newberry College 1.

May 16.

Clemson 13.
University Georgia 3.

1901.

March 29.

Clemson 8.
Auburn 0.

April 6.

Clemson 0.
University of N. C. 12.

April 13.

Clemson 6.
Mercer 3.

April 26.

Clemson 7.
Wofford 5.

May 3.

Clemson 8.
Wofford 5.

May 9.

Clemson 16.
Citadel 2.

March 30.

Clemson 11.
Auburn 4.

April 12.

Clemson 6.
Mercer 7.

April 23.

Clemson 25.
University of Georgia 2.

April 30.

Clemson 14.
Wake Forest 1.

May 8.

Clemson 2.
University of N. C. 2.

May 10.

Clemson 15.
Erskine 7.

May 11.

Clemson 12.
University of S. C. 4.

Foot Ball Teams.



Team of '96.

Swygert, G. H.....Center
 Shealy, A. S.....Right Guard
 Hendricks, L. L.....Left Guard
 Hanvey, J. T.....Right Tackle
 White, J. D.....Left Tackle
 Gentry, C. W.....Right End
 Blain, J. M.....Left End
 Hamilton, R. S.....Right Half Back
 Tompkins, F. G.....Left Half Back
 Chreitzburg, A. M.....Full Back
 Brock, W. T.....Quarter Back

Substitutes: Stone, J. A., Mathias,
 A. J., Legare, Vogel and Parks.

Team of '98.

Mathias, A. J.....Center
 Walker, J. N.....Right Guard
 Duckworth, J. C.....Left Guard
 Douthit, C.....Left Tackle
 Lewis, J. B.....Right Tackle
 Shealy, A. S., Captain.....Right End
 Chreitzburg, C. K.....Left End
 Forsythe, W. C.....Full Back
 Blease, J. W.....Left Half
 Sullivan, J. F.....Right Half
 Riggs, A. F.....Quarterback

Substitutes: Boykin, L., Kaigler, J. G.

Team of '97.

Shealy.....Left End
 Hanvey, J. T.....Left Tackle
 Hanvey, G. A. Jr.....Left Guard
 Swygert.....Center
 Walker.....Right Guard
 Hendricks.....Right Tackle
 Sullivan.....Right End
 Brooks.....Quarter Back
 Gentry.....Left Half Back
 Maxwell.....Right Half Back
 Vogel.....Full Back

Substitutes: Ansel, Laboon, Garland,
 Duckworth.

Team of '99.

Pegues, E. S.....Center
 Duckworth, J. C.....Right Guard
 George, P. A.....Left Guard
 Walker, J. N., Captain...Right Tackle
 Douthit, C.....Left Tackle
 Hunter, M. N.....Right End
 Lewis, J. B.....Left End
 Shealy, A. S.....Right Half Back
 Kaigler, J. G.....Left Half Back
 Lewis, G. P.....Quarterback
 Forsythe, W. C.....Full Back

Substitutes: R. G. Forsythe, J. F.
 Sullivan.

Team of 1900.

Walker, J. N., Captain.....Right Tackle
 Hunter, M. N.....Right Half
 Forsythe, W. C.....Left Half
 Douthit.....Full Back
 Duckworth.....Left Tackle
 Lynah.....Right End
 Bellows.....Left End
 George.....Right Guard
 Woodward.....Left Guard
 Lewis, G. P.....Quarterback
 Kinsler.....Center

Substitutes.

Blease.
 L. O. King,

Kaigler.
 DoCosta.

Pearman.
 J. B. Lewis.



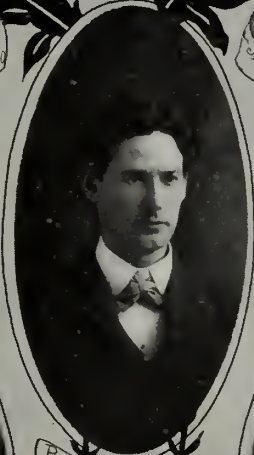
J.W. KETSMAN
CAPTAIN



C. D. DOUGHTY
CAPTAIN FOOT BALL TEAM



C. D. DOUGHTY
CAPTAIN FOOT BALL TEAM



R. H. M. FUCHS
CAPTAIN BASE BALL TEAM



W. G. HILL
CAPTAIN BASE BALL TEAM



W. G. HILL
CAPTAIN BASE BALL TEAM



FOOT BALL TEAM OF 1900.

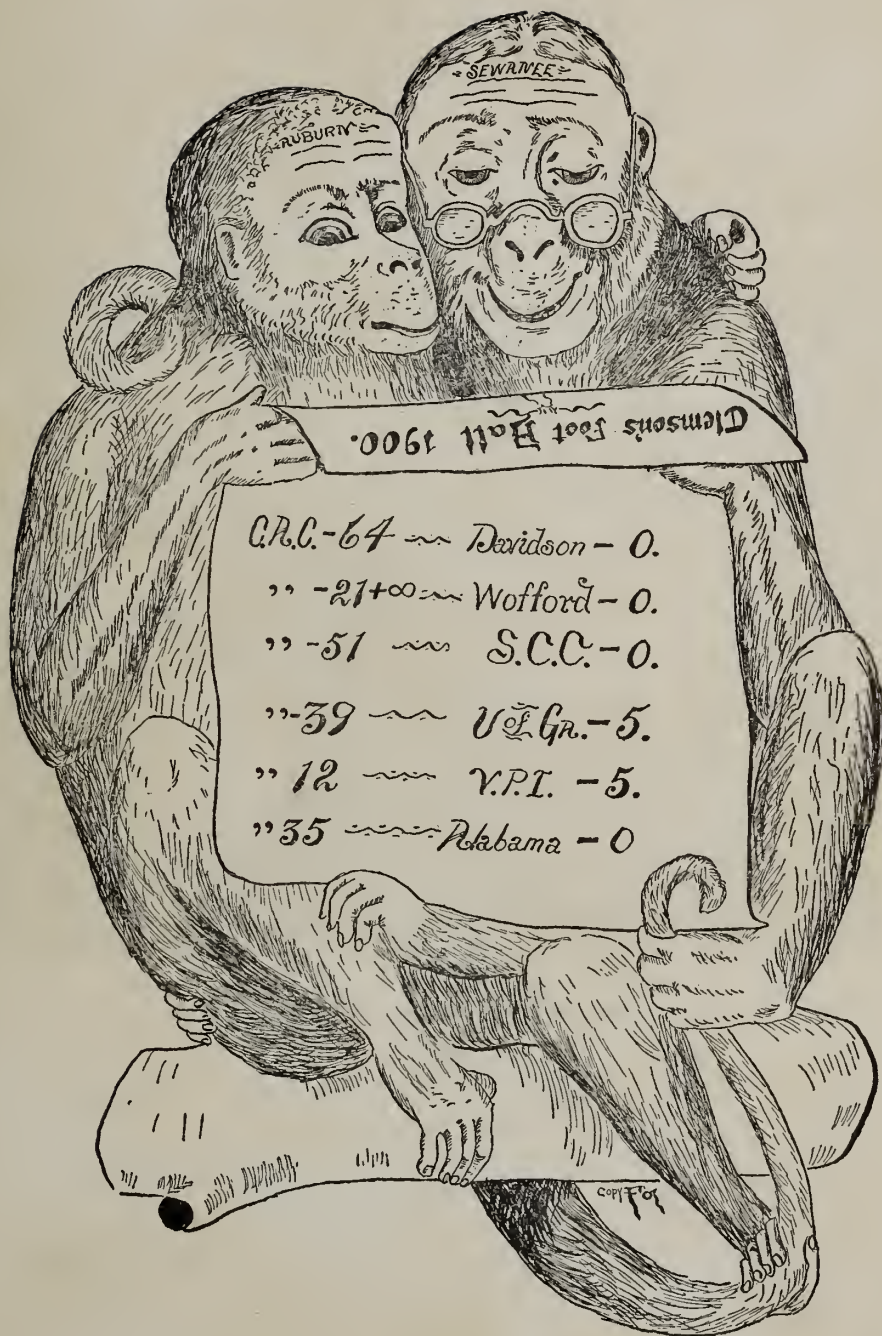




BASE BALL TEAM



CLEMSON TENNIS CLUB.





"Those Certainly were Nice Boys."



Tennis Association.

R. G. Forsythe, President.

E. M. Matthews, Vice President.

Graham T. McGregor, Manager.

T. S. Perrin, Sec. and Treas.

Tennis Clubs.

Clemson Tennis Club,

Elks Tennis Club,

3 x 4 Tennis Club.



Clemson Tennis Club.

E. M. Matthews, President.

J. B. Whitney, Sec'y. and Treas.

R. G. Forsythe, Manager.

H. L. Cannon,

T. C. Shaw,

G. F. Klugh,

D. A. J. Sullivan,

G. P. Lewis,

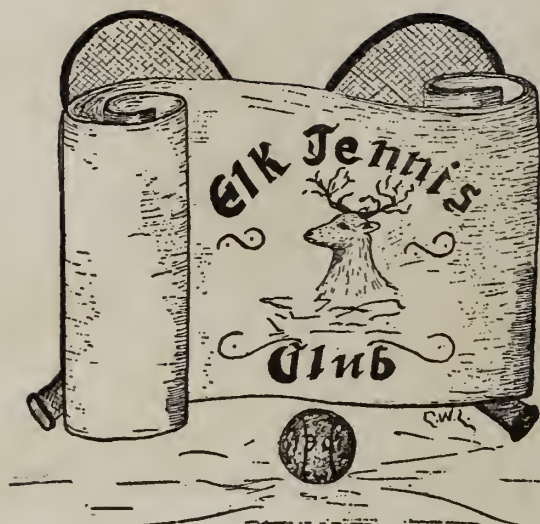
D. S. Taylor,

G. W. McIver,

H. C. Tillman,

H. R. Pollitzer,

E. M. Watson.



“The Elks Tennis Club.”

T. S. Perrin, President.

F. M. Gunby, Sec. and Treas.

C. W. Legerton, Manager.

J. L. Bradford,

F. H. Cunningham,

J. G. Cunningham,

H. B. Dodd,

A. W. Evans,

C. N. Gignilliat,

G. D. Levy,

J. Lynah,

J. W. McMakin,

T. R. Phillips,

T. Poe,

W. H. Scott.



3 x 4 Tennis Club.

Graham T. McGregor, President.

J. B. Whitney, Vice-President.

J. W. Cullum, Sec. and Treas.

W. M. Carter,

R. T. Dial,

J. A. Forsythe,

L. W. Fox,

John Gelzer,

David Jennings,

H. C. Jennings,

Geo. T. McGregor,

J. H. Wyse.



ELK TENNIS CLUB.





"3x4" TENNIS CLUB.



Track Team.

C. Douthit, Manager.

J. Lynch, Assistant Manager.

J. C. Wylie, Captain.

C. W. Legerton.	J. B. Whitney.	J. H. Wise.	D. H. Sadler.
J. W. McMakin.	H. C. Sahlman.	W. P. Walker.	H. R. Sherard.
M. N. Hunter.	J. C. Earle.	J. J. A. Krentzlin.	W. M. Wightman.
G. P. Lewis.	T. R. Hamlin.	G. F. Mitchell.	C. E. Boineau.
F. W. Clement.			

Field Day Exercises.



February 22, 1901.

First, one-quarter mile dash, running shoes, J. B. Whitney, 59 seconds.

Second, apple eating contest, one-half bushel apples, F. E. Pearman.

Third, sack race, alarm clock, F. E. Pearman, 50 yards, 12 seconds.

Fourth, long throw (baseball), baseball glove, W. F. Cole, 258 feet and 9 inches.

Fifth, one hundred yard dash, (heavy weight) running suit, J. B. Whitney, 11 seconds.

Sixth, tug of war, bunch of bananas, G. R. Barksdale, H. Greene, F. C. Breese, J. O. Breeden, L. O. King and A. McL. Shealey.

Seventh, three-legged race, one dozen handkerchiefs, D. H. Sadler and F. E. Pearman.

Eighth, hurdle race, scarf pin, F. E. Pearman, 18½ seconds.

Ninth, putting the weight, University cap, J. B. Whitney, 32 feet and 2 inches.

Tenth, one hundred yard dash, (light weight) running suit, J. C. Wylie, 12 seconds.

Eleventh, water race, alligator purse, F. E. Pearman.

Twelfth, standing broad jump, pair of cuff buttons, J. B. Whitney, 9 feet and 9 inches.

Thirteenth, running broad jump, set of shirt studs, G. P. Lewis, 17 feet and 3 inches.

Fourteenth, cracker eating contest, pen knife, W. M. Carter.

Fifteenth, egg race, shaving brush, H. T. Poe.

Sixteenth, standing high jump, fountain pen, J. B. Whitney, 4 feet 5 inches.

Seventeenth, running high jump, fountain pen, J. C. Wylie, 5 feet and 3 inches.

Eighteenth, consolation race, one hundred yards, jersey, W. M. Wightinan, 11 seconds.

Nineteenth, one acting the best fool, pair of Regal shoes, H. R. Tison.

Twentieth, best athlete, gold medal, J. B. Whitney.

Twenty-first, catching greasy pig, running suit, A. McL. Shealey.

Judges—Professors Willis Johnson, D. W. Daniel, W. M. Riggs.

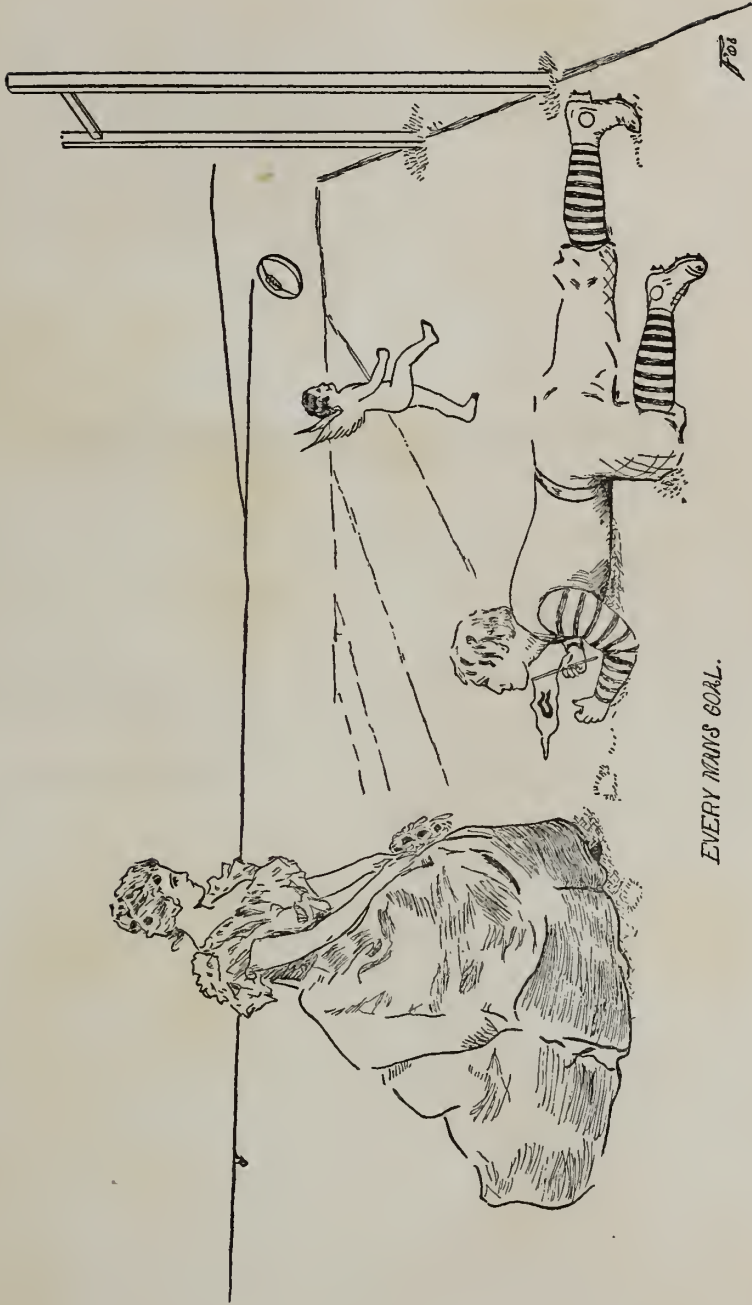
Marshals—R. G. Forsythe, chief; J. G. Kaigler, Q. B. Newman, R. N. Reeves, W. N. Fair, W. G. Hill, J. B. Lewis.

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One of our most interesting and profitable lines of work is the Literary Society work. The Societies are three in number, the Calhoun, the Columbian, and the Palmetto. They have been running continuously ever since the college first opened.

The quality of work done may be estimated from the fact that representatives of these societies have won medals in each of the contests held by the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

The membership of the Societies numbers more than three-fourths of the entire student body.

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Censor—W. E. G. Black.
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 J. M. Burgess,
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 S. C. Stewart.
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Agricultural Society.

The purpose of this organization is to create a deeper interest in agricultural subjects. It was organized and is maintained by the students of the Agricultural Course.

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M. E. Zeigler, Secretary and Treasurer.

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J. M. Burgess.	P. Mackey.	W. B. Stringfellow.
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W. D. Garrison.	G. F. Mitchell.	E. B. C. Watts.
L. B. Haselden.	M. M. Mitchell.	T. B. Young.
G. H. Hardin.	F. K. Norris.	M. E. Zeigler.
E. T. Hughes.	B. F. Pegues.	
S. Jeffries.	R. N. Reeves.	



Alumni Association.

Officers.

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Spartanburg, S. C.

B. F. Robertson, Secretary,

Clemson College, S. C.



Young Men's Christian Association.

E. M. Matthews, President.

E. B. Boykin, Vice President.

Cabinet.

T. O. Lawton, Secretary.

J. C. Duckworth, Treasurer.

W. H. Scott,

W. O. Cain.

W. Lionel Moise.

There is none whom we would take more pleasure in eulogizing than the subject of this sketch. Mr. W. Lionel Moise, a native of Sumter, S. C., now a resident of Philadelphia.

Entering college in August '96, Mr. Moise began his successful career as a student by uniting himself with the Palmetto Literary Society. From that time on, he was intimately connected with the literary work of the students, both through the literary societies and the *Chronicle*, and the brilliant success which he attained will be noted from the short history of his college life given below :

In October '97, he was awarded the debator's medal in the Palmetto Society contest, and in the following February was elected a Literary Editor on the *Chronicle* staff, which position he filled most admirably for two years. In June '98 he was the winner of the President's medal for the best essayist in college, and in April of '99 came out victorious in the Inter Society Oratorical contest, gaining the privilege of representing this college in the State contest, where he was again successful, winning first honor medal over representatives from five of the State Colleges. This secured him the right to represent South Carolina at the Southern Inter-Collegiate Oratorical contest at Mont Eagle, Tenn. Here he again won first honor medal, to the delight of his many friends at this institution. Since Mr. Moise's withdrawal from college he has contributed regularly to our different college periodicals, and we will always find in him a warm supporter and enthusiastic friend.



W. L. MOISE



CLUBS.



GLEE CLUB.

Clemson College Glee and Minstrel Club.

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Q. B. Newman, Sec. and Treas.
R. G. Forsythe, Business Manager.

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Miss Rosa Calhoun,	Prof. J. V. Lewis,	Mr. J. W. Heisman.

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D. Jennings.	W. H. Barnwell.	G. P. Lewis.
C. E. Boineau.	J. E. Martin.	J. G. Cunningham.
E. M. Matthews.	F. H. Cunningham.	Q. B. Newman.
W. R. Darlington.	H. R. Tison.	E. P. Ellis.
W. M. Wightman.	H. M. Franks.	J. M. Wallace.
R. G. Forsythe.	H. E. Wills.	

Cake Raiders.

MOTTO: Brudder Michael, won't you han' me out dat cake?

OBJECT: Anything to eat.

COLORS: Black and white.

TIME OF MEETING: Saturday night before the new moon.

Members.

R. G. Forsythe, First Tenor.

J. G. Barnwell, Second Tenor.

W. H. Barnwell, Baritone.

Q. B. Newman, Bass.

P. H. All, Mandolin Accompanist.

Delinquency Report for Last Sunday.



- E. M. Matthews. Abusing aged joke.
- J. C. Duckworth. Leaving barnyard while on sick report.
- J. E. Salley. Not putting knees together at general inspection.
- J. H. Roddy. Failure to prepare Bible lesson.
- A. A. Butler. Interfering with another cadet.
- H. R. Tison. Same.
- J. W. Anderson. Wearing unauthorized face.
- W. H. Newell. Same.
- W. A. Sanders. Disorder in Temperance Society.
- J. G. Kaigler. Absent from Bible class.
- W. R. Darlington. Blowing dust flue in church.
- W. G. Hill. Allowing band to practice new music.
- Q. B. Newman. Being in illegitimate business with commandant.
- J. B. Lewis. Selecting North Carolina as a birth place.
- R. G. Forsythe. Same.
- E. T. Hughes. Looking pleasant.
- E. H. Pickett. Returning borrowed stamps.
- W. N. Fair. Taking Textile course.
- T. K. Glenn. D. D. C.
- W. A. Burgess. Same.
- P. H. All. Not announcing meeting of tennis club.
- H. M. Mathis. Living in Barnwell.
- J. W. Blease. Going to reveille.
- G. F. Klugh. Not consulting notes before throwing calf at clinic.
- H. L. Cannon. Corresponding with young lady without permission of Faculty.
- T. O. Lawton. Allowing men in company to wear unauthorized shoes.
- W. E. McLendon. Making 100 on examinations.
- J. E. Cheatham. Going in guard room while on duty.
- H. L. Ramsey. Catching joke.
- W. H. Scott. Having improper room mates.
- R. N. Reeves. Keeping quiet in class meeting.

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,

Orders No. 1901.

Clemson College, S. C., June 23.

The cadets whose names appear in the foregoing Delinquency Report, for the offences named, and for others that can not be mentioned even in a military order, are awarded the following punishments:

- I. To be reduced to the rank of private citizens.
- II. To work at hard labor for the term of their natural lives.

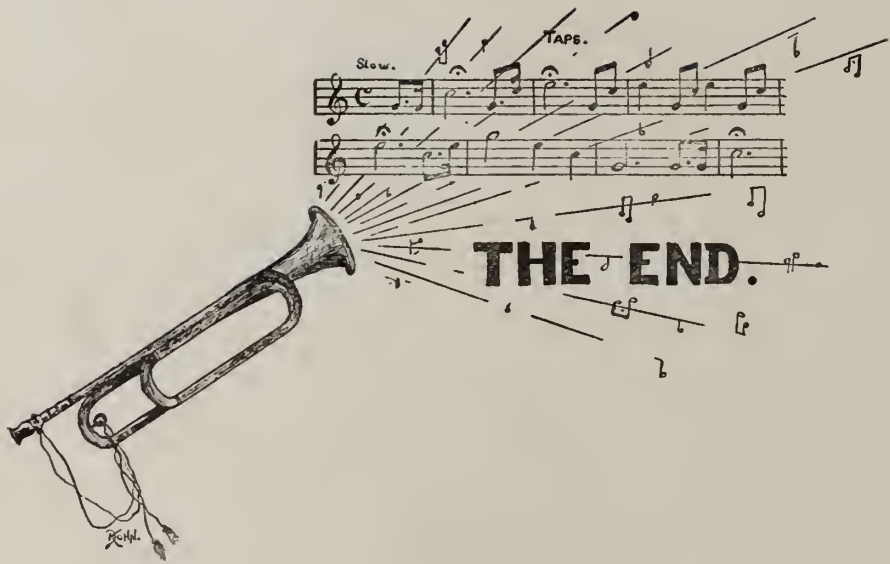
By order of

THE COLLEGE AUTHORITIES.





Home for the holidays.





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The various courses of study are fully explained in the larger catalogues. Diplomas will not be issued to those who take irregular courses.

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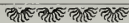
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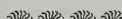
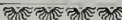
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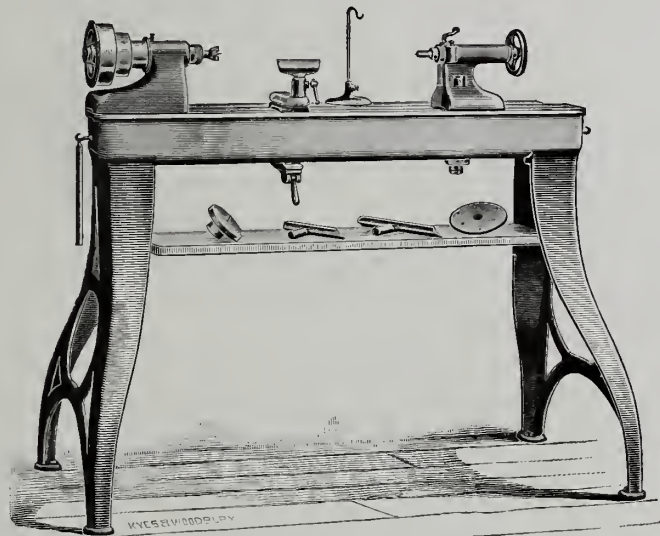
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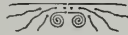
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